THE COMMONWEAL

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HERALDS OF DOOM

INDULGENCE in the catastrophic mood is like indulgence in a drug. We are not, this time, refering to the supernatural. Believers in a final readjustment in eternity which will take no heed of the values of time are often discovered to be remarkably cheerful and optimistic where this world's destiny is concerned, and aggressively active in doing their part to better it. What we are thinking of is rather the prophets who cannot wait upon eternity for judgment and who foresee a harvest-home of the world's mistakes and misdeeds at some period not too remote for its shadow to fall upon contemporary life.

The sentiment to which they cater is one that affects the highest and lowest. The idealist, afflicted by the sorry motives upon which the world's business is run, its insolent denials of justice and confusion of true values, owns it just as much as the mere social misfit, who, like Hugo's Thenardier, would like to see the world seized, blanket-wise, and shaken up from its four corners, in the hope that something vaguely benefiting his own sorry case may come up top. And the general interest that these experts of doom arouse even in those whose belief in their foresight is languid, is easily explained. The general public rather affects novelty. The notion of a new world, built from top to bottom out of raw material, is a more attractive and more entertaining one (in prospect) than the patching and repairing which is all practising social doctors have to offer. "More of the same" will never compete in popularity with the promise of a new heaven and a new earth.

The mood was vaguely present before the war. But there is no doubt that the great disaster helped to intensify it and to give it a plausibility it did not possess then. There is just as little doubt that Germany, and, behind Germany, the East, is its spiritual home. In a very remarkable book entitled Defense of the West, M. Henri Massis, a prominent French critic and writer, has placed the effort to persuade the world that another age of chaos lies before it squarely upon the shoulders of a group of German thinkers, the most prominent of whom are Spengler, author of The Downfall of the Western World, Count Hermann Keyserling and Robert Ernst Curtius. These men, he believes, are only distinguished mouthpieces for a general sentiment, natural to a vanquished people, but never given so dramatic a presentment before, that national bankruptcy can be so complete and overwhelming that the prospects of a general collapse, reducing victors and vanquished alike to a condition of "tabula rasa" is cheerful by comparison. "Misery," declares an old proverb, "loves company." But joining the

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ranks of a long series of irremediably ruined empires is a step to be contemplated with equanimity only if the prospect of a resurrection through death is at hand. "A sort of instinct," says M. Massis in speaking of the vanquished empire, "caused her to turn her gaze toward the confused East; and, in a dream of dragging the rest of the world with her in her fall, she began to prophesy, in dark apocalyptic tones, the final bankruptcy of a world the mastery of which had escaped her."

An item in an obscure corner of the New York World gives us the interesting information that Count Hermann Keyserling, perhaps the most eminent of these soothsayers of disaster, was to be in our midst yesterday for the first time in fifteen years, and that the American public will have an extended opportunity of hearing him. But the Count has not waited for his arrival to familiarize the public which reads periodical literature oftener than books with the views already outlined by him in his Travel Diary of a Philosopher. A series of articles which have been running during the past six weeks in the magazine section of the New York Times and bearing such titles as A New Dark Age Is Foretold for Man, A Vision of America's Future, and Marriage: A Conflict between Two Ideals, lets the reader who runs as he reads into the recesses of the traveling philosopher's mind with considerable detail and with a verve that makes good reading even when it occasionally oversteps the bounds of what the groveling thinker esteems consistency.

The theme of the Count's argument will be unfamiliar only to those who have not already drunk more or less deeply at his sources. Civilization travels in a cultural circle, exhausting its inspiration as it goes. But the ring is a broken one. Inevitably at one period or another, a point is reached where the strain of accumulated energies proves too great for humanity to support. A fissure—a chasm—is created, across which it is left gazing, with no alternative save a return to its beginnings. Such an epoch, thinks Keyserling, came at the end of the Roman empire, and it is upon us now. "The symptoms of the new dark age which is at hand are clearly perceived by those who have eyes to see and ears to understand. Today, as at the beginning of the middle-ages, the new generation is completely indifferent to the ideals and aims of its fathers."

Prophecy for the world at large is comparatively easy, as prophets well know. The acid test of such predictions always comes when they have to be so treated as to meet the case of some individual country or people. In approaching the United States, it is quite likely that the prophetic Count has already suffered more than one premonitory misgiving. In his own Europe his task has been none too easy. An Italy turning its face to the old Roman imperium with a whole-heartedness that is alarming many lovers of peace—a younger generation in France busier every day with old sources of traditional and provincial "virtus"—the manifestations among the new nations of national feeling almost ungrateful in their intensity—all are strange marginal notes to the Spengler-Keyserling theory of a universal fracture betwixt old and new. But the difficulties they present are trifling compared to a thirst for the amenities of life that is crowding universities to their doors, proliferating literary magazines and making the fortune of peddlers of quick culture. How will the Count deal with the situation here? Where find the "states of disintegration, preparing the way for a new integration on a higher plane" which have been the text of his sermons to now?

Drowning men catch at straws. To Count Keyserling's bewilderment, Judge Lindsey and the "companionate marriage" may well appear a log of the most providential size and seaworthiness, drifting his way just at the right time. Culturally, young America seems to be eluding his formula of disintegration. Morally, and at the distance of Darmstadt from New York, the case may well appear more hopeful. In a final article upon American marriage we are almost certainly given the general lines upon which the catastrophic thesis will be fitted in. "One spirit," we are told, "animates the whole of this age." And in America, "it expresses itself as the revolt against Puritanism and New England ideas. . . . When a new age is dawning it cannot be expected that any image of the past will command reverence. We must look at the loss of values just as we do at the loss of life in war. Let the young even try to better the state of married life through the institution of trial marriages, as suggested by Judge Lindsey."

Doubtless the Count will find what he has come to see. If taken in charge by the literary circles from which he has gleaned his impression that "the fundamental note of all American literature of any value is frankly pessimism," he is almost certain not to be disappointed. Places of resort are not wanting where his hypothesis (by no means peculiarly German) that "everywhere virgin soil has the power to drag down at least the unconscious of the conqueror to the level of the native," will be successfully tested with strong-negroid, if not Amerindian overtones, and where his commendation of "the modern method of reckless experimentation" will meet with stout support. It is true he will miss an overwhelming majority of plain citizens who do the work to their hand more or less cheerily, open thrift accounts, pay insurance dues and, about this season, decorate Christmas trees for the very youngest generation, for all the world as if "disintegration" were not waiting for them round the corner. And about this time next year it is pretty certain we shall be asked to consider another magnum opus, heavy with the promise of doom, which attempts to prove the improbable, but proves best of all the fate that overtakes the prophet who perhaps was a journalist from the start without knowing it.

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WEEK BY WEEK

OBSCURE and difficult to understand as it seems at a hasty reading, the doctrinal clash which has just resulted in the defeat of the British compromise over the Book of Common Prayer falls into perspective when it is studied a little in the light of the history of Anglicanism during the past hundred years. Religious animus is about the only thing in contemporary England which transcends economic lines. What The Commonweal, in order to avoid misunderstanding and confusion, prefers to term the sacramental wing of the English Church, is composed of two very discordant elements. It includes what might be called the Cavalier remnant among the High Tories, whose traditions date from the day of Laud and Herbert, together with a growing body of extreme social thinkers whose doctrine is sometimes indistinguishable from socialism. It is the High-churchman who, during the last century, has, in colloquial language, "gone after the poor." In slums and rookeries of big cities unendowed fanes, whose rubric and decorations recall the Catholic faith, have become centres of an active apostolate among the disinherited. It is to the efforts of the ardent and self-sacrificing clergy who direct them that whatever light of faith remains among the very poor outside the Catholic Church is mainly due. In comparison, the evangelical clergy, who serve the cathedrals and most of the endowed parishes and who man the foreign mission body, turn a comparatively cold and impersonal face to the economic problems that are daily growing more urgent. Their parishioners comprise a large body of staid, complacent and well-to-do persons, quite satisfied with a Lutheran compromise which helped the industrial movement to be so colossal a success, who salve their social compromises with organized and patronizing charity, and who regard any return to a mystical concept of religion with all the distaste the orderly mind keeps for unworldliness.

IF THIS were the whole story, a solution far from ungrateful might be considered as impending, which would leave the loaves and fishes to the Low wing, and the imponderables of the spirit to the High. But it is not so simple. An evangelical revival antedated the ritualistic revival. It is still within the "free" churches, strongly tinctured with Calvinism and a hatred and suspicion of Catholicism to which the Low-church attitude is benign by contrast, that the member of the lower middle classes who is religiously minded registers his beliefs and his social stability. And it is to Methodism, Baptistry and Presbyterianism that the Low-church wing of the Established Church, to say nothing of the rationalistic group whose leaders are Dean Inge, and the Bishops of Durham and Birmingham, look for allies in a crisis like the present. Only such a tangled situation can explain the bewildering spectacle of men such poles apart in social thought as Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. George Lansbury on one side of the fence, while a reactionary like Home Secretary Joynson-Hicks is discovered joining his tears to those of Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, Scottish socialist and Presbyterian, who denounce the sacramental compromise in language that breathes "the spirit of Oliver Cromwell and John Knox," and Mr. Saklatvala, Hindu communist, applauds the pair with fine impartiality. Prophecy is hardly in order yet, and we do not need to say where our own sympathies lie. The bark of Luther is well ballasted in its hold. It will probably soon recover an even keel and proceed on its voyage to the beautiful Isle of Nowhere. Meantime this much is on record. A purely religious measure, sponsored by the metropolitan and bishops of the Anglican Church has been thrown out by the votes of men who do not belong to their communion, and the Establishment is reeling under the heaviest blow it has received in two centuries.

WE HAVE no way of telling what will happen to the naval building program, which asks of Congress an appropriation sufficient to build twenty-six large cruisers and some three dozen minor vessels. If it should meet with approval, the American people face one of the greatest non sequiturs in their governmental history. Ever since the war the argument has run as follows: a fighting fleet costs money; there is no good in spending money on anything not absolutely necessary; and heavy additions to the fighting fleet are not necessary. The various portions of this reasoning have been subjected to intensive scrutiny and have not been proved faulty. Why, then, should the

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present conclusion suddenly be wholly at variance with them? Solely because, in the matter of foreign relations, the government has been so harassed by public opinion that it is unable to hew to any line of action. Little by little the Coolidge administration developed a readiness to coöperate with other nations in so far as the temper of the public would allow. The failure of the Geneva conference, however, aroused all the old feeling of "I told you so" which has prevailed since the close of the war. Antipathy to Great Britain was restored to life. This reversion to the demand for "isolation" is by no means compensated for by a petition, signed for the most part by scholarly individuals, asking that the World Court again become a subject for statesmanlike discussion. The President's own message indicated how insecure he felt regarding the problem of military protection and, indeed, the whole enterprise of international action. When one bears in mind that he entered office with what was palpably good will toward the work of disarmament and pacification, it becomes apparent that jingoistic slogans are again reverberating through the land with something like oldtime sonorousness.

IT IS of no world-shaking importance, and yet it is what used to be called "significant of much," that something happened in Mexico recently to strike the grin from Will Rogers's face and his hat from his head. Rogers is no painstaking humorist, grinding out copy to keep the wolf from the door. He is by nature gay and irreverent, as near as possible to Kipling's imagined American with the "keen untroubled face" and "the cynic devil in his blood"—"calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown," and everything else. In Mexico he has been supplying laughs for his public from his happy post in Calles's entourage, oblivious to everything but what was left obvious; without a thought of the depths, and, one would have said, constitutionally incapable of understanding that there were any. Suddenly something happened that left him bare-headed; not speechless, but for the first time in his life writing soberly and gravely. To the New York Times he telegraphed: "Mexico City, December 12. Witnessed a sight today, the greatest and oldest thing of its kind on this continent—Guadeloupe Day. There must have been 200,000 come from all over Mexico to worship at the birthday of Mexico's patron saint. It takes more than laws to change beliefs." What was concealed from all the Crolys was revealed in a flash to the jester; and what Calles does not know he saw in that awe-inspiring moment.

A LETTER contributed by Governor Vic Donahey, of Ohio, to the Christian Herald as an explanation of his attitude toward the Democratic presidential candidate-to-be is interesting for two reasons. In the first place, Governor Donahey, who defies competition in being able to run triumphantly on a Democratic ticket in a state packed to the galleries with Republicans, will pretty well control the sentiment of Ohio's delegation to the convention. Secondly, he is one who knows what the people like to hear on the subject of government. It was natural, therefore, that considerable flurry should have been occasioned by the Donahey remark that Democracy's standard-bearer must be opposed to "the nullification of any part of the Constitution or statutes." Those interested have hastened to declare that Governor Smith is so opposed. Let us take their word for it. More stirring is the central Donahey demand: "The Democratic candidate should pledge himself to appoint to the head of the Department of Justice a man of extraordinary courage, with orders to go after law violators and wrongdoers in high and low places, without regard to race, creed or color." This is the real, unadulterated voice of the American people. It is also the stock-in-trade of Senator Reed. Governor Donahey, it is obvious, intends to hie to the convention with both hands free. But if he can go back to Ohio with a platform such as his letter outlines, the Republicans had better look to their laurels in the Buckeye state, regardless of what the name of the Democratic candidate may happen to be.

DURING recent years interest in the Church Unity Octave, a time of prayer that "all may be one" which extends from the feast of the Chair of Peter (January 18) to the feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul (January 25) has grown among all classes of Catholics. The faithful have dedicated themselves to the intention of the octave with rare fervor and good will. The brief of Pope Benedict XV, given out on February 25, 1916, extended the observance to the whole Church and enriched it with many blessings. At the same time formal prayers were instituted and ordained. We are now informed by the central office of the Church Unity Octave, which may be addressed for information at Box 316, Peekskill, New York, that more than eight hundred members of the hierarchy have petitioned that observance of the octave be made obligatory in parochial churches and religious chapels. So great has become the importance of visualizing ecclesiastical reunion, of praying that it be arrived at—not ultimately but soon—among all men of good will, that in our humble way we repeat the wish of the hierarchy and add that, in our opinion, the octave should open with the greatest liturgical splendor. Let the Church express to its children, through the beautiful emphasis it lays upon the proceedings, the paramount significance of the plea it lays at the feet of the Good Shepherd at this hallowed time.

OFFICIALDOM has seldom cut a more ridiculous figure than in the explanation furnished by Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming to a Brooklyn member of the House of Representatives, who asked for further enlightenment regarding a question put to an intending immigrant from Poland with a view to testing her

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fitness for entering the United States. The old lady, whom her son, already a citizen, is anxious to have with him in this country, was faced with a series of charades by the consular office in Warsaw, among which the headliner is easily this: "How many more feathers has a goose than a duck?" Dr. Cumming's defense of his department deserves textual quotation: "The psychiatric interest of propounding such questions principally attaches to the reactions that the questions produce in the alien's mind with regard to their actual absurdity." We disagree heartily. For one thing, we think that if psychiatrists had as much sense of the absurd as their victims seem to be expected to show, they would be in some other line of business. For another, we would ask Dr. Cumming (a humane man, we are sure) whether a poor old body, practically on trial for a chance to see her son again in this world, is likely to be in a state of mind to recognize the tenuous line which divides official regulations from official nonsense, not always apparent to the enlightened citizen of this country. In bad old days (gone now, of course) when an inconvenient relative was being lodged in an asylum, a favorite trick for justifying the committal was to ply him with just such conundrums. We can imagine nothing better adapted to turn an "alien's" mind into an alienated one than an attempt to figure out whether a goose has more feathers than it can ask silly questions.

CURRENT in days when France had not so many well-wishers in the world as at present, a rather uncharitable story related how a counsel for the defense in a Paris court concluded his address to the jury with an argument that he judged would be more final and convincing than the most impassioned of his periods. "After all, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a foreigner." In ordering a new trial for Francesco Caruso, sentenced to death for killing a doctor in a fit of parental frenzy, the New York Court of Appeals has rebuked a piece of forensic malpractice not far behind the argument of the (probably mythical) French attorney. While applying the charitable phrase "misguided zeal" to the action of the prosecuting attorney in the case, the court rules that "the object of the prosecution is emphasized by questions, ruled out, it is true, as to whether the defendant was a citizen or had applied for naturalization. They were so plainly incompetent that it cannot be believed they were asked in good faith." The action of the court is highly commendable. It fearlessly stamps as spurious a sentiment that has only too many friends in high places. The net result of the incident is to enforce our belief in the sensitiveness of our higher courts in seeing that eventual justice is done, and to reconcile us somewhat with the delays that drive strenuous jurists to so much complaint.

IT HAS always been deplorable that maternity, one of the most essential and instinctive of human functions, should also be one of the worst understood and prepared for. Indeed the semi-scientific character of much that passes for contemporary civilization has increased the loss of life incidental to childbirth. During recent years social service has faced the problem with considerable vigor; and one is glad to read the following remarks in this year's report of the chief of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor: "There can be no question that infant mortality and maternal mortality have been proportionally lower where Sheppard-Towner work has been carried on. The period of coöperation is too brief to demonstrate the final value of the activities; in many states the work has been of state-wide educational character, and the results will not be generally demonstrated by reduced infant and maternal mortality rates for a number of years. In states which have had intensive programs in limited areas, however, definite results can already be shown." The report then goes on to adduce interesting evidence to support this contention. Much educational and medical work will have to be done, however, before the distressing conclusion arrived at by the Children's Bureau chief—"In maternal mortality the United States rate was higher than that of any other country for which comparable figures are available"—can be tossed upon the scrap-heap of troubles which have been surmounted.

NOT long ago it was the custom among the bigger nations which have what was termed "a Celtic fringe" on their western seaboard to consign any attempt to revive Gaelic culture and preserve Gaelic speech to the realm of the unpractical. One of the results of the world war has been to increase the stubbornness with which these fine peoples are resisting attempts to speed the process of obliteration, however plausibly and practically they are represented. The latest comes from Brittany, where the College of Druids, an organization somewhat like the better known Eisteddfod in Wales, has addressed a memorandum to the rector of the Academy of Rennes, protesting against the attitude of the French government toward their language. It demands that the educational privileges granted to German-speaking citizens in Alsace and even to students in Provence, where the ancient Latin dialect is an optional subject at colleges and lycées, be extended to the western departments. It recalls the fact that Breton is still the language in common use by 1,200,000 souls, and also that 250,000 Celtic-speaking Bretons gave their lives to recover the lost provinces. "Why should our Celtic tongue, the language once spoken by ancient Gaul, be proscribed today," the Druids ask, "instead of receiving the privileged treatment that is its due?" Brittany is not only the home of an ancient culture, but a stronghold of the ancient Faith. The latter fact may explain the surly face hitherto turned to its cultural demands by the republic, but it has nothing to do with their justice. It is encouraging to hear that the Breton movement has at least the individual support of all

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the members of the French Chamber, and that it has been promised help by regional societies created in other outlying departments.

NOTHING is so dead as a dead politician, but the passing of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, once a much-quoted minister of the British Parliament, deserves more notice than it has received, both within and without the country of his birth. Mr. Masterman's life was an anticlimax. He was borne to power by the landslide of 1906, at perhaps the most hopeful moment in the history of Liberal thought, and snowed under by the disillusionments and compromises that followed in its train. What merits him general remembrance today is a series of books upon poverty and its problems which proved him to be a man who had followed the evangelical counsel and "considered in his heart" concerning the poor man. In one of them entitled The Burden of London, he thus delivered his indignation: "London, in its characteristic product, is a city of the ghetto. Here gather the unparalleled masses of the obscure. They are members of no trades union. They are inspired by no faith in progress. The tragedy resides in their acquiescence; the absence of eager revolt and protest: their listless tolerance of intolerable things. . . . A wave of human life has suddenly become pent up into a menacing congestion. There has been nothing like it before in the history of the world. Please God, after its destruction, there shall be nothing like it again." A man who helped to arouse the national conscience upon an evil that had been allowed to exist unquestioned too long, cannot be written down as altogether a failure.

CANNOT some of the researchers start what they call a "survey" or "intensive study" of that lost institution, once so pregnant, the New England language? The bewildered fumbling over the meaning of Mr. Coolidge's phrase "I do not choose" shows clearly that the little section of the country which once divided with Virginia the ownership of the United States has shrunk into the same insignificance socially that it seems to embody geographically. It had not only a personality but a language of its own in the days when John Quincy Adams was not merely a Congressman but an ambassador from great New England to a more or less foreign United States. "I do not choose" means in the Yankee language "I am determined not to," and nothing could more strikingly mark the passage of old America than the fact that the use of the phrase should have aroused any discussion about its meaning. In New England itself the Yankee language has passed away, and Hosea Biglow would need an interpreter in Salem or Taunton. In fact, Coolidge often won a tightly disputed election by his use of the Yankee twang. It was natural with him, but when he sprung it, men who had not heard it for fifty years came to life and yelled at the sound of that forgotten music.

WELCOMING HIGH WAGES

HIGH wages in the past have disgruntled some business men quite as much as they have rejoiced the recipients. The mysterious travels of the pay envelope have always puzzled people in much the same way as the child is puzzled by the recurrence of sunshine and rain. The child does not understand that the evaporation which takes place under a blazing sun returns later to the earth in the form of moisture. In the same way, the business man watching the evaporation of his gross profits through the payroll seldom realizes that these profits return to him later in a rain of orders.

The recent statement of Secretary Hoover declaring that the real wages in this country are the highest in the world's history, may have caused some heart flutterings among those lieutenants of industry who like to trace all their troubles to the payroll check. Fortunately a broader view of the phenomena of wages seems to prevail nowadays in the higher industrial ranks. No less an authority than the Guaranty Trust Company of New York recently declared in its monthly survey that "the broader distribution of wealth which is occurring in the present range of high wages" is bringing a "narrower margin of net earnings," but that "from the broader viewpoint of national prosperity, it may be a real advantage. The added buying power of higher wages is certainly reflected in the general business situation, and until the added share of labor return reaches the point where it restricts capitalistic enterprise, it may have added to, rather than restricted, business prosperity."

To say that this view represents only applied common sense is to miss the point entirely. Investors might look with some little satisfaction on increased wages in one of those munificent boom periods when prices, too, are soaring. But at such a time higher pay in dollars seldom means that the workingman can buy more goods than before. His dollar wages merely keep pace with the higher costs of everything he must buy. The present situation is very different. It is in terms of real wages and not mere dollars that labor in this country is now receiving a larger proportion of industrial earnings than ever before in history. A very real redistribution of earnings is taking place quietly and inoffensively and the business man, whether he likes it for the moment or not, is compelled to work on a narrower margin of not profits. If you want to put it colloquially, the pay envelope of capital is shrinking as the pay envelope of manual labor expands.

In not very distant times such a state of affairs would have been greeted with howls of protest by the guardians of investment capital. It is always difficult to apply common sense when standing face to face with diminishing returns. Once the pocket nerve begins to tingle in the brain centres, common sense has a way of turning into a sort of inflammatory mental rheumatism. The statement we have quoted from the

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Guaranty Trust Company has, on this account, a redoubled interest. It is an expression not only of sanity, but of that maturer judgment which comes from surveying economic laws in their effects on the strength of the nation as a whole rather than on any particular group. It is also significant that at the very time when the payroll of capital is supposed to be shrinking, there has never been so much free capital seeking investment. This is another way of saying that congestion of wealth has disappeared and that our national strength is growing in proportion as the returns from industry are circulating more freely throughout the whole national system.

THE GLAD HAND

IT IS still too early to discern the effects of the Lindbergh flight to Mexico. We are agreed that the good will created by this intrepid aviator, whose plane seems to carry with it the cordial greetings of the American people, is precious; that if a better understanding between the nations of this continent can be created by such means, we shall all benefit; and that sending Lindbergh is an excellent follow-up to sending Morrow. Only, as we thought of those silver wings gliding southward, memory reminded us that pathos and anxiety had settled like a melancholy aura round the fleet plane. We clung to our vision of four Mexican Catholic citizens—one of them a priest—shot, as Mr. Carleton Beals says. "under the very eyes of the executive," without trial, innocent and protesting their innocence. And of course we knew that in the midst of the universal huzzahing—the tail end of which is Mr. Will Rogers—few would have time to look at the red smear that had become half the world for us.

A red smear into which scores of hideous murders have congealed, desecrating the holy places and making government foul. With a supine indifference unparalleled in its history, the American press has pasted headlines over the crimson tapestry, so that it remained (in so far as the secular journals are concerned) for Carleton Beals, the anti-Christian radical, and the New Republic, to shed light on a fragment or two. But we have not forgotten and we shall not forget. Even now, when several months of carefully prepared publicity are converging to render the United States one vast sunbeam in so far as Señor Calles is concerned, we remind the gentlemen who blow all this smoke that behind words the truth abides. And truth is important not merely because it gets itself written into history, but because it and nothing else determines the course of that history. Does anybody believe that the Mexican question can be settled, in so far as the United States is concerned, as long as the attempt to destroy the Christian Church continues? That Church is 90 percent of the people of Mexico, and is and has always been civilization in Mexico. That Church is, moreover, a matter of concern to a great number of citizens in this country, not all of whom are Catholics. Can you take the point out of their accusing fingers by turning aside and staring into the dark?

We do not know what Mr. Dwight Morrow can accomplish in Mexico. We do not know what the documents published by Mr. Hearst can accomplish in Washington. Certainly the prospect is not any too bright. We need to remind ourselves that under the Constitution of 1917, Mexico is entitled to a conception of oil and land agreements which no court decision and no executive decision has so far modified or is, indeed, in a position to modify. We need to remember that for several years the policies of Mexico City have energetically thriven on a diet of antagonism to the United States. All this indicates that Mr. Morrow has a most difficult task on his hands.

Most sincerely we hope that he succeeds. If disputes about oil, land, citien rights and international courtesies are once disposed of, if all room for doubt regarding the honesty of United States intentions in Latin America is finally removed, there will be no curtain to hang between public opinion and the Calles outrages. Indeed, in this instance, a showdown on matters extraneous to civilization is necessary before we can come round to civilization. We do not expect Mr. Morrow to go the whole distance. He is a remarkably intelligent citizen actuated by a sincere desire to serve the nation. But he cannot move any farther or faster than circumstances and precedent permit. At present—and possibly at all times—it is not the business of the United States to settle religious struggles in foreign lands, however much inclined it may be to use its good offices for such a purpose. All this is clear and may be taken for granted.

But—and the point is most important—for some time past it has been felt on all sides that the government, in its effort to settle its proper business with Mexico, has deliberately sought to deflect public opinion from knowledge of the contemporary tragedy of Mexican civilization. It is asserted, and we believe with some justice, that the State Department has cloaked the facts about religious persecution under the yoke of Calles in order to clear a path for the solution of its own problems. In so far as this has been done, the American people, and Catholics in particular, have been misjudged by timorous officials. There may have been moments when a few individuals went too far in calling for what was virtually intervention. Those moments have long since passed. We can say without fearing any refutation that all accredited Catholic leaders have openly, consistently and even magnanimously affirmed that armed force is not a specific for Mexican ills. Why, then, does the "hush policy" subsist? Have we grown afraid of the fact that this is a government by public opinion? Do we consider details of a practical nature superior to the eternal interests of human civilization? These are questions which must be asked. And to them clear and convincing answers must be given.

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CONSTITUTIONALISM IN MEXICO

By ELMER MURPHY

IN AMERICA, and to some extent in other parts of the world, there is a widely prevalent idea that constitutionalism is a touchstone which will disclose the fitness of a government to enter the family of nations. In the hands of those charged with the conduct of the foreign relations of the United States, it has been used not infrequently in recent years to separate the righteous from the unrighteous among the republics to the south. By this standard President Wilson weighed General Huerta and found him wanting at a time when control of his turbulent country seemed to be well within the grip of his iron fist. President Coolidge and his Secretary of State leaned heavily upon the same principle in justification of the coercive measures against the liberal "revolution" in Nicaragua. Gradually it has become invested with the sanctity of political dogma and is in the way of being given a permanent place in the political creed of the United States.

It has served a very useful purpose in casting the shadow of disrepute over revolution—a chronic affliction in the republics of Central America, in Haiti and Santo Domingo and even in some of the Latin-American countries which have all but arrived at the point of governmental stability. It is the first step in the substitution of the ballot for the bullet in those regions where the latter is regarded as the more effective expression of popular will. Most of all, it provides a safe and convenient starting-point for the United States in charting the course of its relations with the southern republics.

There its efficacy seems to end. It might keep out the presidential aspirant who hopes to ride into office on the wings of revolution, but it undoubtedly serves at times to keep in the executive who is just as heedless of constitutional methods. It is as much the defense of the despot as an obstacle to the achievement of popular sovereignty through revolution. By setting it up as a standard for its own guidance the United States is committed, in effect, to the idea that no matter how tyrannical or unconstitutional a president might be after he is elected, or however praiseworthy the motives of the revolutionary leader who is trying to oust him, the constitutional incumbent must be upheld. For years it dealt on terms of international comity with Zelaya and Estrada Cabrera, who remained in office mainly because there was no constitutional way of getting them out. Just now it is trying with the greatest forbearance to iron out formidable wrinkles in its relations with the Calles government of Mexico.

Exception might be taken to the assertion that the United States is ready to uphold the principle of constitutionalism by force of arms, but it is no less a fact that American battleships and American marines have more than once been sent to foreign shores to strengthen the hand of a constitutional president against political foes attempting by unconstitutional methods to displace him. In effect, American bullets have been brought into play to maintain the prestige of the native ballot.

Singularly enough the governments which might be expected to profit by this policy show unmistakable signs of resenting it. Latin-American states, it is reported, contemplate bringing before the forthcoming meeting of the sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana this proposal:

> No state may in the future, directly or indirectly, nor by reason of any motive, occupy even temporarily the territory of another state.

The adoption of this principle would be no less than a disavowal of constitutionalism as upheld by the United States, for, as a practical matter, it would be difficult to maintain relations with a president who has been ousted by his own countrymen whether by force of arms or any other way, or to attempt to stand by a constitutional government on the run.

It is evident that there is a marked difference between the point of view of the United States and the other republics of the union on this point. The former believes that constitutionalism should be upheld—and has, by sending armed forces to protect American property in countries disturbed by revolution, contrived to uphold it. The latter appear to prefer revolution as a means of settling internal political differences to foreign aid in maintaining constitutional stability. It is at least certain that if bullets are to be used they prefer the native variety.

Both have their inconsistencies. The soundness of the principle that governments of republics should be constitutionally established cannot be questioned. Revolution as revolution is to be deprecated. But even the most ardent constitutionalist cannot be expected to subscribe to the theory that once a president is constitutionally elected he may be as despotic and unconstitutional as he pleases because there is no constitutional means of displacing him. A constitutional election does not invest an executive with a permanent halo.

But, it might be said, that what goes on after the executive has been constitutionally elected is no affair of the United States nor of any other country, so long as foreign rights are not violated. That is only half true. Once having taken its stand upon the constitutional basis, the United States cannot consistently disavow the responsibility it has assumed by that action. Very often its recognition of a government is

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the strongest prop the latter could have. Its embargo upon arms that might be used for revolutionary purposes is as much a safeguard of the government that is in, as it is a disadvantage to the government that is trying by hook or by crook to get in. By continuing relations with a constitutionally established government that has turned out to be bad, it very effectively places obstacles in the way of an unconstitutional government that might be good.

Mexico, at the moment, is a case in point. General Calles is a constitutional president—that is, he gained his office by election and not by revolution. But there is no talismanic significance to the word election. It has been and probably will be in many instances one of those constitutional formalities observed more in the form than in the spirit. Very frequently in the territory south of the Rio Grande elections are political conventions designed rather to endow an administration with an air of respectability in the eyes of other nations than to serve as an expression of popular will. The administration that wishes to perpetuate itself sees to it that the voting results in an expression of continued public support. President Calles succeeded General Obregon. Certain constitutional obstacles were in the way of Obregon's succeeding Calles, notably the restriction of Presidents of Mexico to a single term. President Calles's administration saw to it that this obstacle was removed and General Obregon announced his candidacy.

There were, however, further difficulties in the persons of opposing candidates, Serrano and Gomez. Charged with fomenting revolution they were put out of the way by the firing squad. It now appears that General Obregon will have no serious opposition. For the second time he will be President of Mexico and it lies well within the range of possibility that when the second term of General Obregon expires, General Calles will be close at hand to step into the presidential shoes.

If General Calles was a constitutional candidate, he has been far from a constitutional president. His peremptory fashion of disposing of troublesome hostile candidates might be justified on the ground of treason—though the suspicion persists that the circumstances were made to fit the crime rather than that the crime was adjudged in the light of circumstance. But there is little doubt that in innumerable other cases he has made of constitutionalism a farce shot through with appalling tragedy.

All of this, again, is Mexico's affair. At the same time the United States cannot disavow its responsibility by a shrug of the shoulders, and nothing seems to be further from the mind of President Coolidge at the moment. By reason of the Monroe Doctrine and its recognition of the Calles regime, the United States is in a measure standing sponsor for the Mexican government in the eyes of Europe. It has drawn about Calles the magic circle into which none dares to step. Nor can it be said that it is allowing the Mexican people to work out their own destiny in their own way because the Calles administration still wears the badge of international respectability conferred upon it by virtue of American recognition, if not by the reiterated protestations of friendship by President Coolidge for the Calles government. The statement has been made that Calles and his terrorism would long ago have disappeared had the United States withdrawn recognition.

To a mind not adjusted to the subtleties of diplomatic pragmatism it might appear inconsistent that so much should be made of constitutionalism when a government is to be recognized and so little is to be made of it afterward. One might suppose that when an executive resorts to unconstitutional methods to work his will, recognition would be withdrawn as promptly as it was given. It is difficult to adjust the picture of Calles as a saint as he appears to Washington, with the picture of him as a sinner in his own country.

It is not improbable that this is the thing that sticks in the minds of those who purpose to submit to the Pan-American Congress a declaration against the occupation of foreign territory. If so much is made of observing constitutional methods in the selection of a president, why should he not be turned out when he ceases to observe constitutional methods? Why should a country not be debarred from putting an unconstitutional executive in when it is made almost impossible to get one out?

This might involve bloodshed but constitutionalism never prevented bloodshed when despotism was linked with it. Again, this is no affair of the United States, and if there is blood-letting to be done, Latin-American countries seem to prefer doing it without American interference. Has not the United States, by an overzealous effort to discourage revolution, put itself in the position of condoning the sins of one order to denounce the sins of another?

The Arrow

I am an arrow
  Fleet as desire,
Winging a narrow
  Path of fire,

Spun from the cord
  Of God's great bow.
The aim of the Lord
  Is straight, I know.

But what of the draft
  That bloweth strong,
Will it swerve the shaft
  From the golden thong?

Great Huntsman, sweep
  The draft apart
And let me leap
  To Thy Flaming Heart.

JOSEPH J. SEXTON.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF BIGOTRY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THIS journal refrained from adding anything to the inconsiderable amount of discussion caused by Mr. John Jay Chapman's recent letter in which he revived the discussion of the right of a Catholic to be President, accused Governor Smith of falsehood and flippancy in replying to Mr. Charles C. Marshall, and, in general, ran amok. As Mr. Chapman added nothing to the case first presented by Mr. Marshall, Governor Smith ignored him, the newspapers refrained from discussing his statement, and its public effect would seem to be almost negligible. There are, however, certain points having to do with the main question of anti-Catholic propaganda and controversy raised by Mr. Chapman's letter that seem worth discussing.

The public is fairly well accustomed to the publication of bitter and unproven charges against the Catholic Church on the part of obvious bigots and ignorant opponents. There is a very considerable anti-Catholic press circulating by hundreds of thousands and filled with wild and whirling accusations against the Catholic Church, but the editors, and, generally speaking, the writers and the readers also of this kind of stuff are, for the most part, obviously prejudiced illiterates, except for the rare exceptions who are merely profiteers in prejudice, people who make their living by and through bigotry. But Mr. John Jay Chapman, A.B. and A.M. of Harvard, the author of many important books in prose and verse, is certainly not to be considered illiterate, at least in any usual sense of that term. He is a man almost of eminence in the community, certainly of a considerable and deservedly high standing. And yet he permits himself many of the typical excesses of the illiterate bigotry-monger. It is inconceivable that such a letter would have received any attention from reputable newspapers had it not been written by a man of such prominence as Mr. Chapman. Certainly it would not have been considered as news, and published in the news columns, under headlines directing special attention to its charges—which included such an obvious falsehood as the statement that the banners of the Knights of Columbus were inscribed with the mystic letters, "M.A.C.," interpreted by Mr. Chapman get that way?" In other words, how is it that the further absurd affirmation that the Catholic bishops of the United States have deliberately planned, or plotted, to use their spiritual authority and influence to cause the election of a Catholic to the Presidency.

The question raised by this curious case might be put in the vernacular as follows: "How did Mr. Chapman get that way?" In other words, how is it that a man who is both a lawyer and a scholar, and, therefore, presumably trained in research and in the study and presentation of evidence, should, when he comes to write about Catholicism, abandon the ordinary usages that govern lawyers, scholars and gentlemen?

We do not know that we are able to answer this question, but possibly we may suggest a feasible explanation. To do so will require something which may seem to be a digression but which belongs strictly to the point that we have it in mind to suggest. There has recently been published a book* by M. V. Hay which studies the present condition of historical literature in Scotland so far as that literature has to deal with "Popery." The thesis presented by Mr. Hay applies, in the main, with equal force to England, and also, in a less extensive but still a considerable degree, to the United States. We summarize that thesis as briefly as is possible in the case of so well-documented and closely argued a book. Its main points are found in chapter one, which is entitled The Beginnings of Religious Propaganda in British History. Mr. Hay points out that the opening battles of the sixteenth-century conflict between the Catholic Church and the so-called Reformers were

> conducted along the old lines of controversy based on scriptural and dogmatic discussions which did not at first awaken interest outside a narrow circle. . . . It is not surprising therefore that, almost at the very beginning of the Reformation, religious disputes began to shift on to a historical terrain. The Reformers quickly realized that the appeal to history might provide an argument which the ignorant mob could understand; proof that the old system had long ago broken down and had always been inefficient and corrupt would be the most telling justification of the new order. This appeal was likely to be attractive to those practically minded people who did not bother their heads about theological or philosophical discussions. Luther was among the first to see the value of historical propaganda, and he said so with his usual frankness in a preface to a history of the Popes written by Robert Barnes in 1536.
>
> "I have been constrained by sorrow of heart, and also by legitimate rage, to pour out all this in order that I might inspire other pious and Christian souls to investigate, as much as they can be investigated, the popish tyranny and the Pope's Church. For without doubt all those who have the Spirit of Christ know well that they can bring no higher or more acceptable praise offering to God than all they can say or write against this bloodthirsty, unclean, blaspheming whore of the devil. I for my part, unversed and ill-informed as I was at first with regard to history, attacked the Papacy, a priori, as they say, that is out of the Holy Scriptures. And now it is a wonderful delight to me to find that others

** A Chain of Error in Scottish History, by M. V. Hay. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.20.*

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are doing the same thing a posteriori, that is from history—and it gives me the greatest joy and satisfaction to see, as I do most clearly, that history and Scripture entirely coincide in this respect."

On another occasion Luther wrote: "God grant that the pens of some others may write a thousand times more strongly. For the diabolical Papacy is the greatest disaster on earth and the worst all the devils can perform with their power."

As Mr. Hay points out, many such statements could be quoted, showing clearly that the new interest which urged scholars of the sixteenth century to investigate records of the past was distinctly unhistorical; in fact party motives and biased propaganda animated them more strongly than scientific interests, or an impartial search after truth. And it seems clear that from such motives, and with such unscientific principles, modern scientific history has taken its rise. Says Mr. Hay:

> Until this time the writing of history had been left, one may say, to chance. Now and again a ready-made historian was born into the world, and then, even under the most unfavorable conditions, a history was produced. So wrote Gregory of Tours his accurate and critical History of the Franks, and the Venerable Bede his Ecclesiastical History of the English People; individualistic efforts of genius that owe little to contemporary thought, nothing to contemporary science, and have only recently been appreciated at their proper value. Broadly speaking, it can be said that during the middle-ages there were no historians, only hagiographers and chroniclers, both caterers for popular tastes and prejudices, religious and national.
>
> Although a general application of the critical faculty to the study of history really dates only from the end of the nineteenth century, the importance of such study was first made prominent by the Reformers. Luther must be credited with a realization of the educational and social value, the experimental value, of historical knowledge, and also with having inspired the first plan of coöperative work. And it is of the essence of successful scientific work, especially in the writing of history, that it should be coöperative and unbroken. It was undoubtedly the idea and the influence of Luther which led to the organization of scholars, the first of its kind, at Magdeburg, and to the collaborative production of a History of the Christian Church. The first volume of this vast collection appeared in 1559, under the direction of Flacius Illyricus, at Bâle. It was really a collection of scandals and calumnies designed to prove that the whole body of Catholics were, and had always been, the foulest of the human species, that "the mark of the Beast was branded on their foreheads."

Mr. Hay then proceeds to show that it was from the work of the Magdeburg historians that the writers of church history in England and Scotland mainly derived. These Magdeburg writers were the first to embark upon a plan of organized historical research.

> Their research was a search for scandal; they specialized in misrepresentation; they mutilated, stole and even forged; but they established the method of collective work and the idea of the continuity of history.

The centuriators of Magdeburg were answered, and so far as the continent of Europe was concerned, their influence was largely blocked, by Catholic historians headed by Baronius, under the leadership of Saint Philip Neri. Baronius too was a partisan; but to the abuse of the centuriators he "opposed a dignity of demeanor that struck a new note in the writing of ecclesiastical history." Professor Peterson states that the works of Baronius are "the foundation stone of true historical science," and that their author possessed "the qualities of the model historian." But in England and in Scotland the influence of Baronius was almost negligible. The reason was partly a political one. England declared and successfully enforced for many generations a blockade against Catholic historians. Mr. Hay tells us that the only history of the Christian Church admitted into England and Scotland—indeed it was officially enforced—was based on the work of the centuriators (perhaps they should be termed the calumniators) of Magdeburg.

> The Catholics could not obtain a hearing, and thus throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, and a great part of the eighteenth, a false historical tradition flourished uncontradicted (and) became national.

Mr. Hay has collected a list of books and pamphlets, all of them based upon the Magdeburg school, published during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, running into a total of several hundred volumes. A history of the Popes, published in 1757, which at the time was regarded as really moderate and impartial, summed up the British estimate of Popery in the following words:

> I have no interest to praise or blame the See of Rome. . . . Avarice, ambition, sacrilege, perjury, an absolute contempt of everything sacred, the most amazing dissoluteness, every species of debauchery in excess, a total depravity and corruption of doctrine and morals, characterize the history of the Popes.

After which example of moderation and impartiality, the author primly remarks that "such instances are highly disagreeable." It was upon writers of such a school, particularly such men as Mosheim, that Gibbon largely depended in writing his great book. The use made by him of material from the work of Magdeburg historians, after passing through various hands, has affected, says Mr. Hay, the course of subsequent historical studies to an extent not sufficiently appreciated.

> Many examples might be given to show how the absurdities of some eighteenth-century bigot, transmuted in Gibbon's crucible, have obtained the status of well-considered historical judgments.

And Mr. Hay accordingly proceeds, from the abundance of his carefully sifted material, to give these examples.

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This book supplements Cardinal Newman's famous Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England in a very notable fashion. Cardinal Newman eloquently proved how the whole body of modern English literature became steeped in anti-Catholicism as a result of the literary and spiritual separation of England from the continent of Europe after the Reformation. Mr. Hay's book pays more particular attention to the effect of this alienation and this absorption of the poison of prejudice by the English historians, whose anti-Catholic views, he declares, are to be found

> in most of the popular text books used in Britain during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century [when] the early mediaeval Church was blamed, not for failing to stem, but for actually encouraging, ignorance and corruption of morals.

He says himself that he has merely sketched his own theme, and simply traced one line of his subject, adding:

> If there is a history not yet written which should be written, it is the history of No-Popery. As far as I know no one has made a detailed study of this great effort in semi-historical propaganda, which, starting with Luther in the first half of the sixteenth century, continued with an ever-increasing violence both in Germany and Britain. . . .

In England and still more in Scotland, Mr. Hay points out, even in the nineteenth century, educated men were ignorant of the real history of the Reformation and blind to the truth concerning the Papacy. This state of the public mind was brought about

> by the enormous output and wide distribution of polemical books and tracts wherein was continued the policy of mud-slinging which had proved so successful in the hands of German Reformers. . . . Consequently people who had been nourished on this kind of literature lost intellectual freedom; they learned to believe what they saw printed; they . . . lost the power of private judgment.

It is well to remember that it was from an England whose anti-Catholicism had been largely created and nourished by a historical and general literature of the sort described by Mr. Hay that the colonists who settled New England or Virginia, both non-conformists and Church of England men, came, bringing with them their prejudices. That even today such men as Mr. John Jay Chapman should be found, who although in other directions are competent scholars and fair-minded gentlemen, nevertheless think it nothing but natural and proper to abuse the Catholic Church, and without inquiry or study to let loose the most violent attacks upon it, perhaps can be explained only by the poisoning of the wells of thought accomplished centuries ago, whereby a great national literature was colored and distorted. At any rate, this explanation is a suggestive one, and we highly recommend the study of Mr. Hay's important work to our readers, and join with him in hoping for the time when a thoroughly scientific and objective study will be made of the entire subject of No-Popery and anti-Catholicism in English and American history and literature.

How deeply rooted is the British anti-papal prejudice, and how vigorously it may break forth when it is provoked, is being very vividly illustrated now by the prayer-book affair in England. As the New York Times remarks, it was a Scotch Presbyterian member of Parliament, "incarnating again the spirit of John Knox," who voiced the anti-Catholic instincts of those Englishmen who still cling to any vestige of Christianity outside the Catholic Church. His speech was mainly responsible for the defeat of the bill. In that act, as the Times again goes on to say, " . . . by the vote of the House of Commons was confirmed the sardonic but truthful utterance of Walter Bagehot: 'Tell an Englishman that a building is without use, and he will stare; that it is illiberal, and he will survey it; that it teaches Aristotle, and he will seem perplexed; that it does not teach science, and he won't mind; but only hint that it is the Pope, and he will arise and burn it to the ground.' " Such a state of mind is indeed instinctive; it is not the result of logic founded on facts; it has nothing to do with intellectual truth, but is almost entirely the product of prejudice engendered by political propaganda—because the exclusion of anything but the view of papal history provided by the schools referred to by Mr. Hay was an act of political expediency on the part of the ruling powers in England for three hundred years.

Fugitive

Mole deep and eagle high,
From the tropics to the poles,
Many ways went I.
In what deep holes
Do they bury souls?
"He is gone forever," I said.
"I will come back," said the dead.

I tried to build a wall of fire,
I made him leap the cataract.
My foe was hot on my desire
And I was tracked.
He had the thing I lacked.
"I have seen him die," I said.
"I will come back," said the dead.

He followed me across the sea,
A darker shadow than the night,
From cloud and cave he greeted me—
I was forever in his sight,
Whether in hiding or in flight.
"There is no escape," I said.
"I am your sin," said the dead.

Louise Driscoll.

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ITALIAN LAYMEN IN ACTION

By IGINO GIORDANI

I RETAIN a vivid memory of the ascetic face of Cardinal Ferrari and of the expression of paternal anguish that rested upon it as he bent over our cots in one of the military hospitals of Milan, crowded to its doors with 3,000 war-wounded. As archbishop of the old capital of Lombardy, he was already one of the most venerated figures in Italy. By his life and work he had inaugurated a marked return to religion in a city long known as a centre of anti-clericalism. The assistance rendered by him to all the misery that followed upon war did not permit him to realize that project of Christian conquest among laymen by laymen which was nearest his heart and of which he often spoke to his secretary, Don Giovanni Rossi, a priest who, as he did himself, joins an intensely mystical spirit to a daily activity in good works.

Soon after the war, death cut short the effort of the Cardinal to translate his ideals into action. His will, filled with love of God and of souls, remains to us today as a legacy of inspiration and edification.

Fortunately his successor was none other than Archbishop Achille Ratti, our Supreme Pontiff today, who lent unstinted support to the project of a Catholic lay apostolate, and who, ever since he has been called to the papal dignity, has given his encouragement to the man who incarnated this idea—Don Giovanni Rossi.

Catholic youth in Italy will never be unmindful of a vigorous weekly, entitled Carroccio, which took its name from the wheeled platform symbolizing the commonwealth, which the Lombards carried with them upon the field of battle during their war with Barbarossa, defending it so triumphantly at Legnano that the struggling republic wrested the right to its own civil life from the rigid feudal system.

Around this review Don Giovanni attracted a little group of young men whom he succeeded in inspiring with a lively faith and an ardent desire of proselytism recalling the Christians of the Church's golden age. Those who have seen him at work, or heard him, will never forget this fragile cleric, still young, his eyes shining with apostolic fervor, his voice thrilling with magnetic power. None who have read him will forget the poetic ardor of his images, which hold such force that Brémond conceives them as lit at "some burning bush of faith and prayer." Skilled and untiring, this great organizer has the faculty of conceiving an institution, a refuge, a journal, in the form of a poem, and with all the freshness of some adolescent dreamer of dreams.

With these first few young men, with a few young women, and with a handful of priests, Don Rossi founded the Opera Cardinale Ferrari, an organization modern in every sense, which, by utilizing all possible forms of helpfulness, aims at raising brothers in the Faith who have fallen under physical or moral disabilities.

The nucleus of priests, laymen and laywomen has grown today to more than a hundred associates. They are governed by a rigid rule of life and banded together in a company which has taken the name of that ardent apostle who made himself all things to all men and sought to bring souls to Christ from Syria to Spain. The very name "company" has a soldierly connotation. All the youthful members are prepared to obey the orders of their chief, to go wherever they are sent, and to employ every form of apostolate. Bound by simple monastic vows, renewed annually, their daily activities rest upon an intense religious inner life. Like some immortal heart beating in a mortal body, the Blessed Sacrament remains exposed in their headquarters, watched by the members in turn. But no external sign distinguishes them from their brothers and sisters in the world. They are inconspicuously—even elegantly—dressed, and enjoy the greatest liberty of action and initiative in the work assigned them.

The company is the central organism, but it gives its impulse and direction to a great number of works, the "Opere" Anglice: "works" in which hundreds of helpers are employed, strangers to the rule but not to the spirit of the Company of Saint Paul.

The aim of the Paolini is to assist their neighbor, without distinction of social class. They promote missions, open registration offices, publish daily and weekly sheets, pamphlets and books, found houses for the re-education of discharged prisoners, manage inns and restaurants, equip hostels for the summer months in the mountains, on the seashore or by the lakeside, where workers, whether with muscle or brain, from professors to masons, may come together to seek rest and at the same time renew their contact with the things of God. Seeking to prepare students to become good citizens and apostles at the same time, they strive to inculcate the idea that the Christian has not discharged his duty when he has heard a Mass on Sunday, but that from him personally the influence must proceed which propagates the Faith around him. The direction of schools, the organization of cultural sodalities of which students and writers are invited to become members, the furtherance of pilgrimages, the holding of open debates, every social or intellectual problem, in short, is considered as falling within the scope of the company's work. To be, like their great patron, "all things to all men" is what would in this country be termed their slogan.

The company already possesses headquarters in Rome, in Milan, in Venice, in Bologna, and, outside Italy, in Paris and Buenos Ayres. Each is equipped and furnished according to the most up-to-date stand-

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ards. Something of the dynamic quality implied in Europe by the term "Americanism" seems to have entered into these centres of activity, so intense is the life that swarms around their stairways and corridors, their offices, elevators and telephone booths.

After passing the confines of Italy the company opened a first foreign branch in Jerusalem; then one in Paris, where it occupies a peculiarly graceful building; finally one in Buenos Ayres. The last-named centre was visited during the past year by Don Rossi in person, and one effect of his stay was to arouse an intense interest in the work both among the people and the civil authorities, by whom the movement has been received with the same favor as is invariably shown it at the hands of the authorities in Italy.

Its activity is always controlled by the particular needs of the place and moment. Last spring, in Italy, for instance, it was invited to hold a course of missions at Reggio Calabria during Holy Week and Easter. The Calabresi saw for the first time a new type of missionary, the Paolino. A professor held a series of conferences for the professors of the city, a lawyer spoke at a meeting held within the walls of the law courts, the younger male members went about among students and manual laborers, the young women visited hospitals and asylums. All coöperated in holding brief religious meetings and distributing handbills in the streets. As a result, hundreds of unions were regularized by Christian marriage, a multitude of infants and childrens baptized or confirmed. On one Sunday, 50,000 inhabitants out of a total population of 70,000 received Holy Communion.

The experience was repeated more recently at Taranto in Sicily. Thither nine priests, nine young men and the same number of young women betook themselves, fortified with the blessing of the Holy Father. The priests spoke in the churches, the young men addressed the garrison at the presidio, the aviation corps, dockyard workers and sailors, these last including the crews of a flotilla of submarines visiting the port, for whom the commandant in person asked the services of the missioners. As at Reggio Calabria, the young women made the hospitals and institutions in the more crowded quarters of the town their special care.

Perhaps the most striking branch of the company's activity is that connected with discharged prisoners. For them a special refuge—the first ever built in Europe—was opened at Niguarda, under the auspices of King Victor Emanuel III himself, to harbor prisoners who, through sheer lack of food and shelter, are in danger of lapsing into their old courses. Here no account of their former life is asked of them—indeed forgetfulness of the old, sad story is recommended as the first step in social rehabilitation. "No day has ever been so full of joy for me," wrote Don Rossi recently, in an issue of El Pueblo of Buenos Ayres, "as that on which I was able to say to the crowd of men with a prison record who pressed around me, 'This is your house, ample and airy, with all the means and implements for salvation through work at your disposal.' " For it is by the healing function of work performed in freedom and under the light of day that the memory of the gray prison interlude is best effaced, and that the penalized body and soul once more acquire their old capacity for good.

Finally, in a section of its main building, the Opera Cardinale Ferrari has organized a preparatory course for those who will be the mothers of the future. Its aim is the instruction of women in the grave and delicate problems that their mission as wife and mother will impose upon them. The course is carried out in a homely environment, which is in itself an education in home-making, and includes not only domestic economy, but the decoration and adornment of the new home in terms of furniture, pictures, fabrics, etc.

In the editorial field, the young men of the company direct and publish two dailies: in Rome, the Osservatore Romano, the organ nearest the Holy See; and in Bologna, the Avvenire d'Italia, one of the best newspapers of the country. They publish an illustrated weekly, La Festa, in Milan; a weekly for young people, Il Carroccio, in Rome; and a fortnightly, La Fiorita, for girls, besides a women's weekly, l'Alba, a popular weekly, La Croce, and a children's weekly, Il Correrino. Besides all these activities, the company has published a quantity of books, among them, it may be noted, one upon the religious persecution in Mexico. In all these publications the need of being up-to-date and of broadening the appeal to attract other than Catholic readers has been kept steadily in view. Some of the most promising writers among the younger generation, as well as authors of established reputation, contribute to them.

Mention should also be made of certain literary relics full of ardor and mystical insight, left behind by members of the company who have passed to their eternal reward. Reading them it becomes apparent that the mark of individual sanctity has attended the company from the very first. In these young men who cast behind them the ease and vanities of a worldly life to do good to their neighbors, a type of layman is gradually evolving before our eyes, destined, as indeed we see in Germany and elsewhere, to develop in strength and numbers until a positive apostolate of the Faith lies in lay hands.

I cannot but place on record the name of one man, in particular, behind whose boyish exterior is concealed one of the keenest executive brains that ever translated into action the projects of a founder. Raimondo Manzini is the typical Paolino. As secretary-general of the company, despite his youth, his days and a great part of his nights are spent in writing articles full of a certain lucid force that is a personal endowment, treating administrative problems, at times seeking a priest to comfort some man lying at the gates of death, or to convert a sceptic. The daily schedule of Manzini's work may include writing a review, attending a

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debate, organizing a pilgrimage or a conference, finding work for the unemployed—not to mention the reception at all hours of callers, welcome and unwelcome. To him is due the organization of Catholic writers, which, after an initial meeting last September, is preparing a program for a Week of Italian Catholic Writers, modeled on the "Semaine littéraire" of Gaetan Bernoville.

To his pen is due the following outline, which aims to give the intentions and inspiration of the Company of Saint Paul:

1. The company has no nationality. Wherever it goes it aligns itself with the needs, the manners and customs of the country of its sojourn.

2. It is not a class movement. Its work is just as much for university students, professional men and women, bankers and intellectuals, as for laborers and discharged prisoners.

3. It professes no one single driving idea. Every form of initiative possible to its means and methods is considered as within its province.

4. Charity, of which it admits the existence already under many excellent forms, is not its main object. It prefers the word assistance. There are many materially well-to-do who stand in need of aid to acquire spiritual substance.

5. It seeks to make its mission actual and modern, and to reach not those who are already good, but those who are far away from faith.

6. Notwithstanding the ideal of practical activity, it firmly believes that only in the hidden and interior life, in short, in a life of prayer, can those graces be sought which render an apostolate fruitful in results. It leaves everything to God, and placing all its confidence in Him, throws itself into active enterprises with a confident heart.

7. The more elastic and busy the company is outwardly, the more austere and disciplined must be its inner life.

8. Its poverty, however, cannot be the exterior poverty of monastic orders. Neatness, decorum, even a pleasing exterior, must distinguish its personnel and make them acceptable to the world.

9. Its mission is to be in—but not of—the world.

10. Its ideal is the most austere purity conjoined with the most transparent simplicity. It does not seek walls of stone behind which to conceal its life, but walls of glass through which at any hour the world may see it at work and at prayer.

Personally, having followed the rise of the company from very near and from its inception, I can say that this quite complete outline is not only a real aspiration but an enormously inspiring reality.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: A PREFACE

By HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

IF, BY some dark mischance, Rupert Brooke's poems were to remain in manuscript till 1944, and were then published (without a fragment of biography) in what purported to be a complete edition—but was actually the redaction of a curiously chilly editor—one could say conservatively that Brooke had been deprived of a legitimate share of fame and attention. Yet an almost parallel treatment has been the fate of Gerard Manley Hopkins. When he died in 1889 there were in the world of letters not more than three persons who realized that an original poet had been secretly hanging new garlands on the vine of mystical poetry. The only witnesses of the poet's living flame were Robert Bridges, Coventry Patmore and Canon Dixon, the Anglican prelate who had formerly been Gerard's teacher. After Father Hopkins's death, Robert Bridges became the sole possessor of a slender manuscript of his poetry, notes and letters. These the laureate carefully tabulated, but for some reason not quite clear to this writer and many others, did not publish for thirty years. The laureate's ultimate rendering of his stewardship deserves our gratitude; but in surveying the "definitive" edition of Gerard Hopkins's poetry, we cannot help wishing that an ampler, heartier man had rendered the account. In the Bridges volume all the Greek and Latin translations have been omitted, and the beautiful Rosa Mystica (together with other poems to the Virgin) have been excluded because of their "light, lilting manner." And if one adds to this editorial obscurantism the peculiarly cryptic quality of the poetry itself, one can readily understand how Gerard Hopkins has remained, for nearly half a century, the least known and most egregiously neglected of English minor poets.

Gerard Hopkins's poetry contains everything that poetry must not contain if it is to be popular, much quoted and often anthologized. It is preternaturally obscure and strongly metaphysical; its metrical peculiarities are so pronounced as to render its reading difficult, even for the technically equipped reader of poetry. The author's gloss and a dozen readings are necessary to a full savoring of Hopkins's more involved passages. Yet notwithstanding these checks and hindrances to easy assimilation, the tug of Hopkins's poetry draws the reader on through grammatical quagmires and over metrical hurdles to an immediate pleasure and a lasting remembrance of intense poetical energy. Soon the merely external difficulties vanish; as with Browning, or—to mention a man of quite another strain—as with Joyce, one grows accustomed to the author's syntax and diction; his bell of prosody rings clear; the terrain of strange language becomes familiar; the spirit of the poetry

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quickens, and our wonder climbs with each new reading. In the hierarchy of mystical poetry, this obscure Jesuit priest sings in the same choir with his sixteenth-century predecessor, Robert Southwell.

Gerard Manley Hopkins was a reticent and almost pathologically shy person, wrenched by the searing pressures of the conflict between the soul and its Maker, pressures that are cunning in torment, jealous in their unremitting levies on earthly happiness and mortal pleasures. He was born of Protestant parents at Stratford, July 28, 1844. As a youth he attended the Cholmondeley School, Highgate, where as a sensitive student he felt the post-Tractarian influences of the period. He was particularly affected by the emanations of two great personalities: Newman, by whom he was received into the Church; and Walter Pater, under whose guidance he entered Balliol College. In October, 1866, he was converted to Catholicism, and a year later entered upon his classical studies at Oxford. Early in 1868 he made "the great and intricate sacrifice" of entering the Society of Jesus, spending the greater part of his novitiate laboring in the slums of Liverpool. Later he became a professor of philosophy at Stonyhurst; in 1884 he was elected Fellow of the Royal University of Dublin, where he held the post of classical examiner.

After five years of great spiritual fatigue and loneliness he succumbed to a fever, against which it is said he made no effort to struggle. At forty-five his armor had long been hewn from him; he was defenseless utterly, and the Sword that had hacked at his life was welcomed in the whizzing, ultimate arc of its descent. Miss Katherine Brégy, to whom Americans are almost solely indebted for an interpretation of Father Hopkins's character, has written of his life that "his was a story of tragic consecration to duty and of a heart predestined to suffering. . . . the spiritual phenomenon of desolation which has immersed so many a chosen soul."

The ever-asked and finally unanswerable query "How do character and experience affect literary style?" finds a splendid field of investigation in the poetry of Father Hopkins. How did he happen to employ the irregular cadences which he terms "sprung rhythm"? Why did he cast his verse, and much of his prose, into the complicated and involved patterns that have baffled so many readers and disheartened his warmest apologists? In solving the enigma of Gerard Hopkins's style (detaching it as far as possible from its mystical and devotional content) at least three elements must be carefully isolated and examined: (1) Gerard Hopkins was an accomplished musician, and it is from music that he draws his concept of counterpoint rhythm, of which we shall speak later; (2) he was profoundly influenced by Greek and Roman poets, especially Aeschylus, whose peculiarly tortured style charmed the poet-scholar's ear; long familiarity with classical locutions and arduous practice in writing Greek and Latin verse make many of Hopkins's poems actually sound like literal translations of classic authors; (3) he was among the rare persons who possess unspoiled aesthetic sensibilities capable of visualizing pure form. A quotation from his own Notes, corroborates fully this latter thesis:

> No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. . . . But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music, and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling inscape is what I above all aim at in poetry.

Thus design, significant form, or, as Hopkins calls it, inscape, is the clue to the understanding of every alleged peculiarity in this poet's work. If a choice had to be made between clarity and rhythmical design, clarity was sacrificed. Must the word-order be violated to gain a freer rhythm? Let it be violated. Codas, double and triple, were added to sonnets to make them "hang"; burden lines were tucked between cadences already queer, to obtain the choric effect so precious to the classic pulse. Almost no other poet has been so rigorous in preserving the purely aesthetic elements of rhythm. Hence the conventional ear, beating like a music-teacher's metronome, is fated to be shocked by the "licenses" invoked by this original metrist. But if Hopkins's verse is read aloud, with plenty of breath—as he always wished it to be read—it persistently lands on its own feet and runs off on its own excellent legs.

Gerard Hopkins's system of prosody, with its use of sprung rhythm, is fully articulated in his own preface. He proceeds on the basis that most English verse is written in trochaic or iambic feet—that is, a strong syllable followed by a slack syllable, or vice versa. But a repetition of this strong-slack, strong-slack "grows something stale," as Miss Monroe and many another have claimed to discover. Gerard Hopkins therefore suggested, in 1878, that to avoid monotony, a metrical foot might be deliberately varied by the addition of one, two or three slack syllables. Thus a typical Hopkins line (from the sonnet Felix Randall) scans:

> Felix Randall the/farrier,/O he is/dead then? my/duty all/ended.

The basic beat is here trochaic; it has been "sprung" by the addition of seven slack syllables and two strong ones. "For particular effects," says the poet, "any number of weak or slack syllables (to the foot) may be used." Note that this new rhythm has been superimposed or "mounted" on the basic trochaic line, giving rise to a counterpoint rhythm, as Hopkins called it, a notion derived from and clearly justified by musical usage. Lastly, Hopkins remarks that it is natural for his lines to be *"rove over*—that is, for the scanning of each line to take up that of the one before." Thus, many of his poems scan without break from the beginning to the end of a stanza, though the lines re-

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spect all typographical conventions. In all essential aspects, Hopkins anticipated by thirty years the chief "discoveries" of the new poetry, and stands as a metrical innovator whose apparent modernity is the result of his pronounced classicism.

Obscurity of style was ever the chief thwart to Gerard Hopkins's genius, and this obscurity thickly clogs much of his penultimate work. Conjecture yields dark psychical reasons for this obscurity; it sometimes appears that the poet is saying: "Here, unravel this if you can. I've made it so complex and involved that not many of you will solve the poem or the poet, either." At times, he could be delightfully lucid and simple. Plentiful proof of natural lyric ease is given us in the early Heaven-Haven and The Habit of Perfection. When tact and circumstances required, he could do a straightforward job on a presentation piece or occasional sonnet. Commenting on his Alphonsus he writes: "This sonnet (I say it snorting) aims at being intelligible." True enough, the sonnet is perfectly comprehensible on a first reading—but Father Hopkins did not rate it highly among his favorites.

Consider, now, that much more characteristic poem, Tom's Garland, which the poet regarded as "a very pregnant sonnet, and in point of execution very highly wrought." So highly wrought indeed that Canon Dixon could not construe it without a gloss from the author! The terrific ellipses and contorted syntax of this poem warned Gerard Hopkins that he must go no further along this road. He had already cracked the joints of language seeking new and violent rhymes: "resurrection" and "deck shone"; "I am and" and "diamond"; "boon he on" and "Communion," are some random specimens of his weird rhyme-smithing. He had fallen into the habit of omitting the relative pronoun; and regularly committed ambiguities by burdening a single homophone with the key-meaning of an entire passage. But after writing to Robert Bridges, "If you and he (Canon Dixon) cannot understand me, who will?" he begins to use a severer tool on the tough Carrara of his thought. The superb posthumous sonnets (four in number, and each a testament of spiritual anguish) exhibit a sure advance in the technique of clarity, without losing a shred of their emotional value. If Gerard Hopkins had lived, it is quite within the indications of his last period to suppose that he would have emerged from the slough of obscurity into the clearer, if more conventional, region of English poetry.

But enough of this adverse wool-combing; the vices of an original manner are easily pointed out, especially by critics bred on the transparencies of contemporary verse. If the beauties come more slowly, they come nevertheless thickly-interlocked in numbers and delicately-grained in quality. Father Hopkins's imagery carries bright bayonets, glinting weapons, that many a contemporary imagiste would have given his maxillary grinders to have sharpened. Donne himself might have envied the Jesuit's

> I am a soft sift
> In an hour-glass—at the wall
> Fast, but mined with motion, a drift,
> And it crowds and it combs to the fall.

Mystic that he was, Gerard Hopkins had five sweet earthly senses. There is no fresher, dewier pen in English poetry than the pen which wrote:

> Glory be to God for dappled things—
> For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
> For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
> Fresh-firecoal chestnut falls; finches wings;
> Landscape plotted and pieced—fold fallow and plough;
> And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

The Wreck of the Deutschland contains everything that is significant in Gerard Hopkins's poetry: memorable grand lines rolling off the edge of iron cliffs into roaring seas of music, whole stanzas that sweep along in a narrative gale, others that run flush with The Hound of Heaven. Although stiff and unpractised after a seven years' self-imposed silence (he had burned all his verses when joining the Society of Jesus, resolving "to write no more, as not belonging to my profession, unless it were by the wish of my superiors") he begins with a tremendous invocation to God:

> . . . World's strand, sway of the sea,
> Lord of living and dead;
> Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
> And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
> Thy doing: and dost Thou touch me afresh?
> Over again I feel Thy finger and find Thee.

After confessing his own impotence in love and the true mystic's terror of God:

> the frown of His face
> Before me; the hurtle of hell
> Behind. . . .

he narrates the tragic fate of the Deutschland, outward bound from Bremen to America, carrying among its passengers five Franciscan nuns, exiled by the Falk laws. The doom of the ship off the Kentish coast is told in a few racing stanzas, and is the equal of any storm narrative in English. That a cloistered landsman should have written these stanzas seems the highest praise that can be bestowed upon Gerard Hopkins's creative imagination.

It is scarcely probable that the popular demand for Father Hopkins's poetry will render a new edition of his work imperative for many years. One could wish, however, to see all his poems between two covers, to have a full transcript of his letters, and to have access to a full and sympathetic memoir of this strange, duty-laden poet-priest. Both Miss Brégy and Mr. H. A. Lappin have made valuable critiques of his work—but of his life we know practically nothing. His poems, "few, but roses" must be his ultimate biographers. Unless—unless Robert Bridges opens his sack of reticence and tells us what he really knows of his friend Gerard Manley Hopkins.

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WHAT OF FARM RELIEF?

By W. C. MURPHY, JR.

THOUGH leaders of both parties may dodge the issue and prefer to remain comparatively non-committal, there are some congressional statesmen to whom the genesis of a new farm-relief program is not a matter of indifference. Even now this event is being promoted behind the scenes by gentlemen some of whom are timorous, others of whom are thinking —to judge by all available signs—in terms of the personal equation.

It all centers around the agricultural surplus. Farm relief advocates regard this as the crux of their problem because, they say, this export surplus—infinitesimal in comparison with the domestic consumption—fixes the price of farm products at home, and fixes it at the level of an unprotected world market, while the farmer must buy in a market protected by the tariff wall. So all farm relief plans have one common denominator: namely, a scheme to control the marketing of the surplus in such fashion as to avoid effecting a depression in the price which prevails at home.

There are, on the one hand, the old guard of the farm relief movement, those who forced the McNary-Haugen bill through both houses of Congress during the last session—only to be brought up abruptly by a presidential veto in the closing days of the Sixty-ninth Congress. Members of this group still swear by the equalization fee through which the McNary-Haugen bill proposed to finance the marketing of the agricultural surplus. But, they say, while there are votes enough to repass the McNary-Haugen bill, there are not enough to pass it over a presidential veto. So, if a veto can be avoided thereby, this group will favor a subsidy instead of an equalization fee.

Then there are a few protagonists of the export debenture plan, favored by the National Grange. Under this plan, exporters of agricultural products would sell at the world price abroad and would be given customs certificates to recompense them for the difference between the world price and the domestic price, the difference being computed on the basis of the tariff levied on the particular product. These certificates would be transferable and, in theory, would be sold to importers who could use them at their face value in payment of customs duties. It is obvious that this plan is only one step removed from a direct subsidy, since the Treasury would be deprived of customs revenues by exactly the par value of all the certificates so used. Hence there would be no wrench on the consciences of this group in voting for an even more direct subsidy.

Still another group of legislators who opposed the McNary-Haugen bill on the ground that the equalization fee proposal was of doubtful constitutionality are now saying that the export debenture plan or even a bald subsidy would solve the constitutional difficulty.

And, more significant than anything else, from quarters contiguous to the very citadel of the conservative forces who triumphed for the moment in the ultimate defeat of the McNary-Haugen bill, have come indications that a direct subsidy to meet losses in the marketing of agricultural exports might meet with unexpected acquiescence.

For an understanding of the foregoing, consideration must be given to the probable political consequences of the enactment or failure of a farm relief measure during the session of Congress which has recently opened.

To begin with, if the Republican party is to elect a President in 1928 it must carry the western agricultural states—particularly if Governor Smith of New York should be the Democratic candidate, and should make inroads on normally Republican territory in the East. Carrying the western states means either choosing a candidate acceptable in that section or making a legislative record during the next session of Congress that is pleasing to the West generally.

At this point the name of former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois looms up. Mr. Lowden's candidacy is inextricably bound up with farm relief, and with a very definite kind of farm relief; to wit, the McNary-Haugen bill. There is a surprising variety in the elements which do not want to see Mr. Lowden nominated. The western liberal group in the Senate, led by Senators Borah, Norris and Nye, have been quite blunt in their opposition. And eastern conservatism has long been arrayed against the former Illinois Governor, even to the extent of trying to lethargize his political strength by offering him the Vice-Presidential nominaton at Cleveland in 1924.

If a farm relief bill satisfactory to the West can be enacted into law during the next session of Congress, Mr. Lowden will be deprived of his only issue, the Republicans will improve their chances in the West in 1928, and the western liberal bloc, together with the eastern conservatives, will be rid of a candidacy most distasteful to them. Thus the liberals may coöperate to smoothe the path for an administration candidate, and the conservatives may do violence to their faith by accepting a subsidy for agriculture.

Politics, truly, makes strange bedfellows. The progeny of miscegenation, political or otherwise, are usually interesting if ofttimes unfortunate.

The title page and index for Volume VI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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COMMUNICATIONS

A COLLEGE FOR MARTYRS

Rome.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of November 16, Mr. Harvey Wickham gives, under the above title, an excellent summary of the history of the English College in Rome. He has earned the gratitude of all who love the "Venerabile," as we style our alma mater. How well he has brought out in his article the true source and centre whence came the strength and culture of our Fathers!

One other point may add to the force of his contentions. This College was the ground from which sprang the hierarchy of America. For in the old sodality chapel, where prayed our martyrs and where matured the champions and first bishops of England's restored hierarchy, Wiseman, Baggs, Grant, Cornthwaite, etc., was consecrated in 1753 by Cardinal Lanti our Bishop Walmesley, who later, at Lulworth Castle, consecrated the first American bishop from whom your bishops now have their apostolic succession.

Some enduring monument to mark and seal this historic link with the past would fittingly adorn the place which has been called "the cradle of two hierarchies." Whatever serves to keep alive our vital unity and to recall us to the centre from which still radiates our life-energies must make for good will.

Over yonder in the West there may be some who would be eager to help to restore this old chapel, this bond of living charity between our two countries, and to erect herein a memorial to Bishop Walmesley that shall keep alive the significance of his name for America.

RT. REV. A. HINSLEY,
Bishop of Sebastopolis,
Rector English College.

THE NORRIS AMENDMENT.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of December 14 you advocate the passage of the Norris constitutional amendment, which would call Congress together and install a new President in office soon after election. This proposed amendment attracts a certain amount of public interest at almost every short session.

There is, of course, a great deal to be said against the practice of the passing of important legislation by men who have been repudiated by their constituencies, but it has always seemed to me that simpler methods would attain all of the advantages offered by the Norris amendment, and avoid its manifest dangers. The passage by either House of a rule against the consideration of new legislation and confining the attention of Congress to the great appropriation bills during the short session would rid us of the most important evil of which you complain.

In the Executive Department it obviously makes no difference, if the President is reëlected, whether he begins his new term on January 1, or March 4. A new President, however, would probably require a considerable time to rest from the strain of his campaign, and also to prepare his cabinet and other important appointments. For this the period of four months between election day and March 4 is hardly too much.

Another and very important objection to the Norris amendment is in the case of a contested or incompleted election. Out of thirty-five elections for Presidents, two (Thomas Jefferson, 1800, and John Quincy Adams, 1820) were completed by the House of Representatives and there was one contest which resulted in the inauguration of Hayes in 1877. In cases such as these speed is impossible.

The time prescribed for the meeting of Congress is mentioned in the Constitution of the United States as follows: "The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day." That is to say, at any time that any Congress of the United States feels it to be to the public interest that its successor should convene on March 4, it can be done by a joint resolution.

It must further be considered that election day is not prescribed by the Constitution of the United States or by the federal law. It has become the custom for all states to elect on the day after the first Monday of November, but any state has the privilege of changing this date.

It seems to me that a rule adopted by either House proscribing new legislation in the short session, and a joint resolution calling future Congresses together on March 4, would achieve all of the good proposed and avoid most of the danger in the case of a contested election.

HERBERT C. PELL.

THE BOGY OF HEREDITY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The letter of Mr. Joseph A. Conroy commenting on my article on The Bogy of Heredity goes so much farther than I would care to go on the subject that I must protest my inability to follow him. For instance, when he says that he knows cancer to be a consequence of the food habits of the afflicted individual, I can only comment that he knows something that is not so. There is not the slightest connection between the food habits of people and the development of cancer. It occurs just as frequently among the vegetarian races as it does among those who follow a mixed diet of meat and vegetables or among the Eskimos who live exclusively on meat.

To anyone who says that "cancer can be as easily eliminated, that is, prevented, in families, as typhus fever," I can only say that there is nothing to confirm that opinion in the experience of any reputable physician.

JAMES J. WALSH, M. D.

THE CENTRAL VEREIN

Butler, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Permit the undersigned to express his satisfaction and sincere gratitude for your editorial on our Philadelphia convention. While I deeply appreciate your words of praise for our activity, permit me to correct a slight error. Our Foundation Fund to carry out our program of social activity had reached the $200,000 mark at our last convention, and the delegates assembled pledged for the remaining $50,000 during the present year.

If you consider that our membership consists almost entirely of people of the working class, with very few professionals, we may be proud of the work of our German Catholics.

CHARLES KORZ.
President,
Catholic Central Verein of America.

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POEMS

The Reapers

"Good-night, and a good sword!"
Be your watchword, for the Lord,
Who had vainly called the many now hath
chosen you the few,
At the altars where you kneeled,
And your thews and hearts were steeled
To discharge the bond of judgment as His
promise bade you do.

Fear not: for their pride
Was but measured for a tide
That should ripen them for reaping ere
the harvesters went forth.
By their tasseled heads and show
Of great numbers, only know
That the Lord would have them stubble
to the sickles of His wrath.

"Good-night, and God speed!"
Oh, our lifted hands shall plead,
Till the crow and kite go gleaning in the
furrows you have trod,
And you shake our poor redoubts
With Hosannahs and great shouts
When we kiss the bloody fingers that
have harvested for God.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Song of a Smiling Lady

I used to fear lest man might probe
The tear-pools in my heart,
Or woman's deft and delicate touch
Old wounds should stretch apart;
But now I walk serenely on
Past every fool and knave,
For I have found a little smile
Will serve me like a slave.

I'll wear a ribbon in my hair,
A jewel at my throat—
And when I shiver, I'll put on
A very crimson coat.
No one shall know I'm weary,
Nor wonder why I'm grave,
For I have found a little smile
Will serve me like a slave.

And the fortune others think I own
Prodigally I can give;
I'll cheer them like a singing bird
The longest day I live.
White roses for a happy maid
They'll strew upon my grave—
And all because that little smile
Still served me like a slave!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Hawks

The mountain twilight is a fearsome thing
When memory won't let a man forget
Some secret hurt that brought a life's regret,
Some threat each day and year o'ershadowing.
We never knew just why Hawks sought to cling
To that old, lonely farm by hills beset,
Where creeping dusk draws tight the night's black net
And dark fields lie beyond recovering.

This much we knew: he paid Dill well to go
And spend each night with him—light work for Dill—
And so for five long years Dill drove up there.
Then one night Dill was blocked by drifting snow.
When he got there next day the house was still,
And Hawks was gone—and only God knows where.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Portrait of a Priest

Here was no eagle flying in the sun,
No swift greyhound whose eyes and feet aflame
Dripped mystic joy across men's trails of shame,
Where souls are strewn like worthless carrion.
His was no crown by arms of battle won,
On fields that reeled to booming guns of fame—
In God's vast vineyard no one knew his name
But One, Who watched him till his work was done.

He was a candle lighted in a place
Where sly winds tried, but could not quench its fire;
A candle is so quiet—Oh, his face
Was quiet, too, and humble; no desire
Possessed his heart but God's—he was a man
Who burned his life out for the publican.

J. CORSON MILLER.

The Feast

Those who are not mine
I will dine and flatter,
Entertain and strive to please,
For they do not matter.

But for friendship's feast
Compliments demean us;
Rock for seat and sky for roof
And the truth between us.

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM.

Cold Steel

I cannot call you back again . . .
I cannot call the spring,
When cherry boughs are thick with frost
And dull remembering.

I would not want you back again . . .
I would not look at you.
For cold as steel my eyes would cut
Your heart in two.

HELENE MAGARET.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Nightstick

MOST of the plays on Broadway today are the products of several minds and several typewriters, though the name of only one playwright may appear on the program. Even many well-known playwrights have to submit to this silent collaboration. So it is only an interesting matter of form that one of the best melodramas of the year, Nightstick, at the Selwyn Theatre, appears under the acknowledged authorship of four persons, Elaine Carrington, who wrote the original one-act play on which the present one is based, the two Nugents, and John Wray. They have done collectively a mighty fine job of straight theatrical hokum, and the result is a tense and enlivening evening in the theatre for all who can stand the racket of much gunfire and who like to believe that no police force in the world is quite so romantic as New York's finest.

One policeman has been killed before the play starts and another is killed as it progresses. The ferocious determination with which Tommy Glennon, of the homicide squad, tracks down his suspect until he corners him in a lonely cabin in the Catskills, furnishes the plot for the action. It is also interesting that, for once, the love of a distressed maiden is not used as the motive force of the various happenings. A love interest is introduced by making the girl in question the daughter of another policeman, but Tommy Glennon does not hesitate even when he learns that this girl has married the very man he suspects of the first murder and knows to have committed the second. On the whole, this absence of sentimentality is a relief. It is not carried through rigorously. There are many moments of unadulterated sentiment, where the hands of the Nugents somehow seem to reach forth caressingly. But the play as a whole gains strength through resting on the firm theme of loyalty.

The play also gains through a generally excellent casting. Thomas Mitchell proves quite as good in the determined guise of Glennon as in the fear-struck timidities of The Wisdom Tooth. He is always a sympathetic actor, and fares none the worse for being permitted a few restrained heroics. Raymond Hackett is no less effective as the young plain-clothes man, posing as a broker from Wall Street, whose murder in the second act brings everything to a pitch of frenzy. But I think the highest credit should go to John Wray, one of the authors, for his portrayal of the utterly thankless part of Chick Williams, the gunman. He makes Williams a personable villain, in spite of being yellow in the marrow. He hasn't a single sympathetic line, and yet manages never to be pure black. It is, in its way, a triumph of sincere acting over stark playwriting.

There are likewise several minor parts unusually well done, notably Edgar Nelson as Soft Malone, and Victor Kilian as an utterly dumb crook named Blake, whose occasional philosophizings are worth being reprinted for general circulation in a small book.

The particular excellence of this play—if you are interested in pulling apart the machinery—lies in the timing of its suspense, and in the fact that it is never the quite obvious thing which happens. It falls under the classification of good hokum simply because the situations are all more or less deliberately contrived, and do not spring from any serious study of individual as against type character. But so long as you are seeking chiefly entertainment in the theatre, that kind of hokum is not only legitimate—it is a fine art. Nightstick belongs high up on the preferred list.

Twice Two Equals Five

EVA LE GALLIENNE'S league-of-languages players on Fourteenth Street have picked on a Danish comedy for their latest provocative effort. It manages in the course of one evening to be repellently suggestive, richly satirical and raucously funny. Like its title, it is all at odds with any fact of life, in or out of the theatre. I imagine—certainly I can't pretend to know!—that the idea is to show how far the complexity of life and its emotions exceeds all the logical formulae by which one tries to measure it. There is always a mysterious "plus one" to be added before we can predict what will happen, given certain people and certain situations.

The play is by Gustav Wied, and has been translated by Ernest Boyd and Holger Koppel. So far as the story has any intelligible outlines, it relates the mutiny and ultimate willing surrender of a radical young author and school teacher, who writes more and more audacious books until he is discharged from his school and thrown in prison for a month. In prison he has a quite delightful time, makes fun of everyone and prepares to return to a rather flat and stale world. In the meantime the wife whom he left in the first act because of her incurable petulance and general shoddiness, acquires the art of making herself attractive, and for her sake we find the young author agreeing to accept the editorship of a conservative paper —thus proving that logical principles of action do not give the sum total of the human equation.

In the course of the play Mr. Wied touches upon various phases and characters of our kaleidoscopic life—laying particular emphasis upon certain aspects of degeneracy which, to him, appear uproariously funny. The hint of the tragedy behind them is also to be felt, but very faintly. Mr. Wied's touch is highly sardonic, and his mind is, apparently, given to overabsorption in decaying things. It is perhaps part of his intention to set the world before us in high and pitiless caricature, and, as a by-product, to give us some food for sober thought. He shows us some rather fine as well as many rotten things—making it quite impossible to appraise his play as a whole without applying the mystic formula which he has used for his own title. The "plus one" overtone of the play almost redeems it. Yet the final impression is perverted. For the first time, an unhealthy odor can be said to pervade the Fourteenth Street theatre.

As a matter of particular interest, this is the first play in the Civic Repertory in which Miss Le Gallienne herself neither acts nor directs. She has handed over the direction to one of her own actors, Mr. Egon Brecher, and he makes a quite creditable job of it, so far as the angularities of the piece permit. He also acts the part of a caricaturist whose nimble comments and whose domestic devotion form one of the strongest currents of the play. The other parts are all done in a spirit of high exaggeration. As usual, Leona Roberts and her daughter, Josephine Hutchinson, carry off many honors, with

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Beatrice de Neergaard running them a close race. Harry Sothern in the difficult part of the young author battles bravely, amusingly and at times convincingly with the obstacles which have been set in his way by the author.

Three Musical Plays

WITH Golden Dawn as the first production at the new Hammerstein Theatre, The Five O'Clock Girl prancing around at the Forty-Fourth Street, and The Merry Malones at the Erlanger, we have an excellent example of contrasting methods on the current musical stage. The Merry Malones has already been reviewed by one of my associates, so I shall use it here only to illustrate a type.

Golden Dawn falls into the more serious tradition of musical play. In fact its producers label it a music drama—without, be it noted, any apology to one Richard Wagner. It commands the services of little Louise Hunter, until recently one of the minor luminaries of the Metropolitan Opera and an exceptionally pretty and vivacious Musetta in La Boheme; and the other voices, male and female, are almost on a par. The settings have also an operatic throwback, being by Joseph Urban, and the story itself centers around a German prison camp in East Africa, using as a background the superstitions, ritual dances and ferocity of the natives. If it were not for some mechanically introduced comic relief, and for a general tendency to spring the usual musical comedy tricks in chorus and specialty dance, Golden Dawn might almost be mistaken for an opera. It is a very worthy effort, with a strange mixture of artistry and clowning.

The Five O'Clock Girl, by contrast, is as straight a "musical show" as you can find, with a barely adequate book, no voices worth mentioning, and all the mechanical routine of chorus and spotlighted principals. Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw do the major cavorting, but one Perk Kelton comes very near to depriving them of their scheduled honors by her dumb drollery. The real puzzle is just why the public will continue to go year after year to this type of entertainment without demanding something bordering on variety in the long ritual.

The Merry Malones is solely and simply George Cohan at his best. With book, tunes and lyrics all by his own hand, and with the inevitable American flag introduced at the proper moment in a parade of the Bronx Chamber of Commerce, you might not expect to find so many delightful stage pictures. But you would expect to find a plot of fair proportions and very elementary material, a certain homely ruggedness mixed with sugar and sentiment, and a general refreshing cleanliness. And you will not be disappointed. Although Mr. Cohan calls it, simply enough, his "newest song and dance show," it is much more properly a play set to music and contrived with good showmanship.

We have, then, three excellent examples of modern formulae, from The Five O'Clock Girl, bordering on the straight review, to Golden Dawn, bordering on operatic drama. The Hammerstein production is obviously the most pretentious, and has many points of unusual excellence. My only objection to it is the meagre use, or rather the mediocre use, it makes of many rich opportunities for dramatic staging. What a superb thing Mamoulian, the director of Porgy, could have made of the native ritual scenes! With only a little more intelligence and artistry, certain parts might have reached the power of some of those memorable scenes in The Emperor Jones. Good as it now is, Golden Dawn has just failed of its opportunity to become something very fine.

BOOKS

Wayward Bonapartes

Napoleon and his Family: The Story of a Corsican Clan, by Walter Geer. New York: Brentano's. $5.00.

The Memoirs of Queen Hortense; edited by Jean Hanoteau, translated by Arthur K. Griggs. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Two volumes, $10.00.

Talleyrand: The Training of a Statesman, by Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes, by Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

NAPOLEON was his own critic and his own press-agent. In no one life of the world's great men are the facts so accessible and the half-tones of conjecture so conspicuously absent. As though foreseeing that his career would be the concern of many nimble pens for years after its close, he was at pains to supply posterity with a wealth of material almost embarrassing in its volume. Add to his own commentaries the memoirs and biographical relics of hundreds of men and women upon whom his greatness was reflected, and the plethora of books upon the First Empire that pours from the press of all countries ceases to be a wonder.

Of the four books now under review, Walter Geer's Napoleon and His Family, a further installment in a series upon the epoch, is, perhaps, the most scholarly. The Bonaparte family were, on the whole, an undistinguished lot. Greville, the diarist, meeting two of them in 1833, after they had been returned to the obscurity they were best fitted to adorn, speaks of them as "simple, civil, courteous gentlemen." But that they meant a good deal to their Olympian brother his history proves. In his most obscure days and when overwhelmed with troubles of all kinds, Mr. Geer notes that he "never for a moment lost sight of the interests of his family. 'You know,' he wrote Joseph, 'that I live only for the pleasure I can give them.'"

On the whole he was badly repaid. Mr. Geer's book gives us a long series of clashes and misunderstandings. Joseph, the Judah of the tribe, was perhaps the most likable. But his stubborn determination to take the head of the family on all intimate occasions, regardless of the position his great brother had attained, involved the clan in countless arguments and had a good deal to do with poisoning the Emperor's private life. Lucien, a windbag of the revolutionary school, never really forgave the coup d'etât which put an end to his own chances of rising on what he considered his own merits. Jerome, the Don Juan of the family, is mainly interesting to Americans on account of his Baltimore marriage. Mr. Geer does not spare the emperor censure for his high-handed action in quashing a perfectly legitimate union. At the same time he makes it clear that the Patterson family were fully advised of the risks attending the alliance and that the lady's persistence really carried it through. "I would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour," the fair Betsy is recorded as saying, "than the wife of any other man for life." The Bonaparte girls showed an even greater inability to rise to the occasion than their brothers. The squabbles, flirtations and extravagance of Pauline, Elisa and Caroline made material for the poison pen of British propaganda all through the epoch. Of the emperor's spoiled and darling Pauline, the memory remains to us as one of the very few Helens of history on whose supreme beauty all contemporary records are wholly agreed.

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To Louis, the youngest save one, the strange fate fell of perpetuating the name of Napoleon through a second dynasty that was a splendid parody of the first. Fate, and the assegai of some unknown Zulu warrior, has made the legitimacy of the third Napoleon an academic question today. In The Memoirs of Queen Hortense, written by his mother in later life, we shall, naturally, not look for a disinterested view of the subject. But the two volumes are full of what appears on the surface strong corroborative testimony in the queen's favor. Louis was one of those hypochondriac and jealous mates whose suspicions are affairs of psychology rather than fact. A saying of the emperor, quoted by the harassed wife, gives us his character too epigrammatically for us not to feel that there was truth in it. "Louis would have been happier with the Empress Josephine. One would have guarded the window while the other guarded the door."

The indignities to which these suspicions exposed her would have broken down a stronger love than that to which Hortense consents to own. On one occasion, at St. Amand, she discovered her own valet ransacking her mail. "Upon being discovered, he threw himself at my feet, told me I had his life in my hands, but that he was acting under the orders of his master, who, he confessed, had promised him a hundred louis if he could find proof of my guilt or anything against me." At Wiesbaden: "Frequently I heard him [Louis] when everyone else had retired, steal up and listen outside my door." There were hectic interludes when the sickly and despondent husband begged for reconciliation, but it was always on the sole condition that the wife should justify his suspicions out of her own mouth. "I long to be reconciled with you, but only on one condition: you must confess to me the wrongs you have committed." "For a long time," continues the harassed wife, "he not only wrote me by day but he also disturbed my slumbers at night, repeating constantly the same thing. He would come in through a little door which opened on my alcove . . . and wake me up suddenly."

Incidentally, The Memoirs of Queen Hortense contain a vivid account of the Hundred Days. During the three months she was very close to the doomed emperor. We learn how nearly his decision to fly to America came to being carried out. At Malmaison "for the first time he talked to me about his plans, told me that he was going to the United States, and that the only thing those who bore his name had to do was to join him there."

Queen Hortense recalls the story the Empress Josephine was told by a colored fortune-teller while a girl in Martinique—that she would one day be greater than a queen but that a priest would work her ruin. Anna Bowman Dodd's Talleyrand is the life story of the renegade priest and bishop whose treachery played the major part in replacing Bonaparte emperor with Bourbon king. It is not a very satisfactory book. Mrs. Dodd is handicapped for serious historical work by sentimentality and an over-readiness to accept standardized judgments passed upon the revolution by stock historians who seldom have eyes for anything save Paris. More and more writers in France are turning to the mass of local information accumulated in the departmental archives. These certainly do not confirm the picture of wholesale corruption, social and religious, so readily accepted by the authoress of Talleyrand. Sometimes her facile judgments entail a volte-face latter on. After learning that "religious beliefs . . . even in convents or monasteries were so rare as to be a matter for gossip," we are introduced to the seminary of Saint Sulpice and asked to admire the "self-sacrificing, noble men" who conducted it!

The most interesting portion of Mrs. Dodd's monograph concerns the years passed in Philadelphia by Talleyrand and his fellow-exiles. The future kingmaker had no illusions upon the sentiments entertained toward his country and its political troubles in the United States during the Washington administration. "In spite of the fact that the very name of England is mentioned with aversion," he notes, "America is entirely English. . . . This preference rests on the two causes which alone can produce such a desire—inclination and interest." There are colorful pictures of the titled refugees gathering at evening over the little bookshop run by Moreau de St. Mery, the historian of Santo Domingo. One vivid incident deserves textual quotation:

"On arriving at the hospitable Schuyler mansion, they found the general on the porch. He was waving his hands frantically.

" 'Come, come quickly! There is great news from France!' he cried.

"The 'great news' was the death of Robespierre."

Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes, by Robert Gordon Anderson, falls into that now familiar category, novelized history. Undoubtedly a public exists which can only be prevailed to swallow information when it is coated liberally with romantic sugar. Even they have a right to a more authentic flavoring than is given them here.

To compose his Napoleonic soufflé Mr. Anderson has helped himself liberally to sources easily accessible and whipped up the whole with a deal of spirited writing. None of the familiar peculiarities are omitted. Ears are tweaked and cheeks are pinched. Generals stammer and blush. Court beauties are scolded. Josephine weaves her sultry spells. Perhaps the best passages are those describing (for the hundredth time) the famous battles. Even here the colors Mr. Anderson uses are apt to be his own. It will be news to many modest and sober students of the Napoleonic epoch that French horse artillery were dressed in "pink, with fur-lined coats over their shoulders," or that dragoons were breeched in red before 1830.

H. L. S.

Songs and an Echo

A Celtic Anthology, by Grace Rhys. New York: Thomas J. Crowell Company. $2.50.

Music in the Poets: An Anthology, by Esme J. Howard. London: Duckworth. 6 shillings.

SOME of the critics have found fault with the anthologist Grace Rhys, for what might seem a preference for the Irish poets in her collection of Celtic songs: but a closer study of the book will show that these Gaels of Ireland, through their greater antiquity as well as through their superiority in poetical feeling and conception, take naturally a preëminence among the different branches of the Celtic peoples, against which there should be no objection. There have been several excellent collections of Irish poetry from Douglas Hyde, Dr. Sigerson and Padraic Colum, and Miss Rhys has not been without considerable help from these and other poet-loving Gaels. She gives us a collection of poetry that makes a proud and exquisite showing of the beauties of ancient lyrism, the very old and the novelties of the modern school gleaming side by side in an extraordinary and plaintive beauty.

The Scottish poems of the anthology begin with the Lament

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of Ossian. Passing on with a growing touch of realism we read poems by Stevenson, George Macdonald, Rachel Annand, John Davidson and Hamish Maclaren. It is a golden company.

With the Welsh poems we come back again to the druids and bards. From Aneurin the grim northern poetry moves in warlike measures through George Herbert and Henry Vaughan to Ernest and Brian Rhys, R. Williams Parry and Iolo Arneurin Williams. Here among the Welsh may be noted a vigorous Celtic sense and inborn differentiation from the modern races of Europe, as well as a quality clearly distinct from the Irish and Scotch.

The young Esme J. Howard, so untimely deceased amid his ambitions and achievements in letters, left behind him an anthology, Music in the Poets, for which the great pianist Ignace J. Paderewski writes the introduction. He says: "The present educational system cares little if at all for music. The production of masterpiece upon masterpiece by the phenomenal creative genius of several generations has failed to secure for that noble art the official place of honor which it held when still very primitive in the education of our intellectual ancestors, the Greeks."

Esme J. Howard's selections are made from English poetry almost exclusively, with a few songs by Scottish and American poets. From Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, Longfellow, Keats and Wordsworth, he weaves a royal tapestry in praise of music. Dryden's Alexander's Feast, William Blake's Songs of Innocence and Walt Whitman's I Hear America Singing, sound in this harmonious ensemble. The book represents the graceful act of a literary reach shortened all too soon by the rapid advance of illness. As a posthumous book it lends a very gentle light to his memory.

THOMAS WALSH.

Strident America

Commodore Vanderbilt: An Epic of American Achievement, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $5.00.

Lincoln and the Railroads, by John W. Starr, jr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

THE shrieking school of biography must have reached its logical climax in this loud-voiced and somewhat incoherent portrayal of the only great Vanderbilt. Of course with the competition what it is, Mr. Smith's book may yet be outdone, but this reviewer's imagination is not lively enough to foresee how. The root idea of this school is that biography is uninteresting, and that to make it endurable it must either be disguised by using the fictional form, or else shock the reader by standing his preconceptions of the hero on their heads.

To the second of these divisions belong the attempts to portray Washington as a loose liver, Lincoln as a lucky average man, Beecher as a mountebank time-server, and so on. The former of them began in a rather admirable manner. If memory can be relied on, its starting-point was Mrs. Atherton's "dramatized biography" of Hamilton, in which she imagined conversations and situations, and left it to the reader to judge how much he would accept as true. The popularity of The Conqueror begot imitation, and the imitations speedily ran wild. To obtain the reader's attention the writers tried to out-do each other in realism, and the descent was from the careful artist to the side-show-barker with a megaphone. Where Mrs. Atherton orchestrated a biography, her intellectual offspring bawl it; and each succeeding one has got somehow to out-yell his predecessor.

Toward the close of his Vanderbilt Mr. Smith casually reveals his aim, which is to present the Commodore as "picturesque, magnetic, a symbol of the spiritual forces which drove the country forward." But he has not succeeded in it. His Vanderbilt is none of these things. The failure comes from too much striving. Mr. Smith, throughout the book, tries to lift himself up by his boot-straps. His is the nervous tension he should have created in his audience. An author should not shout. He should make his readers do the shouting.

He has a strong man to portray, and his method is to have him curse and swear monotonously on every page. The other characters curse and swear with equal sameness. When the conversations flag, the author swears in the narrative. All the characters use the same dialect: a curious dialect which Mr. Smith has invented, a mixture of New England, New York City, upstate New York, the Middle-West, the south Atlantic States and the Southwest, with occasional Whitechapel and twentieth century slang. When they are not talking, the author drops into the same omnibus dialect on his own account. He even uses words which, if not obscene, have been considered such since Shakespeare's time and would not have been permitted to Fielding.

So the result is not the portrait of a strong man, but that of a weak man who covers his weakness by gutter talk. One yawns after 331 pages of "damns" and "hells," interlarded with the name of the Saviour; if shock is what Mr. Smith is after, there is no shock in this constant repetition of back-alley monologue.

He dwells on Vanderbilt's "salty speech." Here it is: "Hi, thar, Corneel, the other boatmen would hail, ye better watch out. Thar's sharks off'n Robin's Reef. Aw, go to hell, Cornelius would reply. A pithy lad in his speech." Pithy; yes, and witty too, you will observe, and original. The only character in the book who is allowed to speak grammatically at all is Thurlow Weed, and he does only for a single paragraph.

The reason for insisting on this wearying vulgarity is that it is fundamental in the book. It overshadows his sketchy attempts to give an idea of Vanderbilt's real achievements. It leaves a confused impression on the reader's mind—that of a weak, blasphemous vulgarian, who, incidentally to his life work of cursing in a hodge-podge dialect, did some important things in building up transportation systems. This, of course, is not the real Vanderbilt, who was great as a builder and incidental as a vulgarian. Rafael Sabatini, who is an artist, could have shown Mr. Smith how to go about it. In a single chapter of Scaramouche Sabatini introduces Danton and powerfully creates just the impression Mr. Smith vainly strives after through a whole book; that of a strong man of "salty" and "pithy" profanity and obscenity; and there is not a single oath or obscenity in the whole chapter. But as has been said, Sabatini is an artist.

In Lincoln and the Railroads, Mr. Starr tries to include the President among the railroad-builders, but not convincingly. His exhibits are mostly state documents forwarding the Pacific Railroad system; but the ideas in them did not originate with Lincoln and he signed them apparently as a part of the official routine. The real value of Mr. Starr's book is its complete and thorough study of Lincoln's other relations with railroads, including his service to them and against them as a lawyer.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

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Image and Act

Mind and Body, by Hans Driesch, translated by Theodore Besterman. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

THE conclusions established by Professor Hans Driesch, whose researches in the biological and epistemological approaches to philosophy have made an impression upon practically all contemporary schools of thought, are of particular interest to those who (like the inheritors of scholasticism) cling to Aristotelian wisdom in the discussion of man and nature. Mind and Body is not the most important of the Driesch books, but it manages better than any other, perhaps, to introduce his thought and to state some of his important concepts. It ought, therefore, to get a welcome from all teachers of what is called "rational" psychology, and to go into the libraries of many for whom psychology is not merely an academic subject but a living and significant problem. The peculiar merit of Driesch lies in the fact that he takes up the inquiry where Aristotle necessarily left off. That is, he investigates with the modern scientific method whereas Aristotle had nothing else than the "observation" of phenomena by the light of fixed metaphysical principle. That the two lines of inquiry should establish practically coincident conclusions is surely a marvelous enough thing to merit wide attention.

It must be conceded at the outset that the present volume is not easy reading. There are constant references to other Driesch books; a great deal of preliminary matter is taken for granted; and the reasoning is close and scientific. But of course nobody has a right to expect simplicity in a field where Aristotle's texts—certainly erudite enough—serve as models of presentation.

The first part of Driesch's book is taken up with a refutation of all theories of psychophysical parallelism. Some may believe this an unnecessary task, in view of the circumstances that so many theories of parallelism have broken down, but should notice that our author is concerned with disproving "the ultimate possibility of its real validity." The argument begins with an examination of the elements which figure in the "derivation" of the psychical event from the physical event. Scientific investigation establishes the "individuality"—that is the existence, complete in itself despite falsification—of the memory-image; the specific differences of the "sources of stimulus"; and the absence of a "mechanical correlative" in the establishment of relations. Secondly, the reality of action implies a difference between the power to use the resultants of personal history and the concept of a machine. "Let the mechanist try," Driesch says here, "to build a machine which finds it opportune to lie!" In this connection the summary of "those particular characteristics of man in action which have no counterpart anywhere in the 'inorganic world' " is very interesting and enlightening.

The last and major section of the refutation is devoted to the structure of the mental, and in it the object is to compare "the degree of manifoldness of the mental compared with that of the physical." I shall do no more than call attention to the argument and quote the conclusion: "Ordo et connexio rerum cannot be idem ac ordo et connexio idearum, because the structure of the particular res is wholly different from the structure of the particular idea, in every respect, and most especially with regard to the degree of manifoldness." The student of psychology will easily recognize the important dimensions of the statement thus made.

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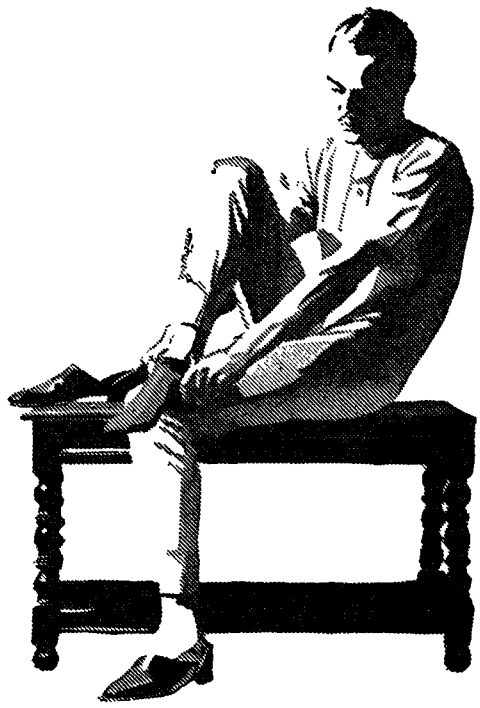

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In the second, positive portion of his book, Professor Driesch proposes the problem of body, mind and their relation, and passes on to propose a solution through an analysis of the concept, "my mind," at the end of which is the statement: "Mind and nature are wholly disparate realms of being; there can exist no becoming and activity between them."

Next there is a detailed and very important consideration of "parallelism" as that which maintains as a relation of the "phenomenological" and the "psychological." We shall not follow the argument here, and must content ourselves with saying that, like the whole of Professor Driesch's book, it is worthy of careful consideration. No recent volume of psychology is more suggestive of the cordial relations which are now existing and which one hopes will continue to exist always, between science and philosophy.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Competitive Criticisms

Aspects of the Novel, by E. M. Forster. New York. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN THE enormous production of novels that goes on today, it takes a very special originality and an eminent sanity to make any given work stand out with its own independence. A Passage to India achieved its popular success because it surprised with its amazing wit and its brilliant analysis of extremely difficult problems. It had been fourteen years since Forster had published a novel, but to his faithful readers a new presentation of his skill came as no surprise. Howards End possessed an appeal and beauty which, in spite of its many topical restrictions and interests, are as clear and bright now as they were when the book appeared in 1910. Before that had been published two exquisitely satirical comedies, in 1905 Where Angels Fear to Tread and in 1908 A Room with a View, together with a less perfect and yet wonderfully haunting tragedy, The Longest Journey, in 1907. The merits of these three had found culmination in a fuller, rounder shaping of their own criticism of life in Howards End, a novel memorable for its contrasts, its incisive sympathy, its inevitable justice, and its mingling of a clear delicate humor with a true abiding sense of the tragic.

In each novel Forster's task of reconciling the conflicts of sense and spirit, of scourging cant and hypocrisy, and of divining life's soundest truth and saving beauty had worked itself out in an enviable balance between thought and art. Not a single literary convention was allowed to interfere with the profound originality in them, and each story became the delight of its admirers, to be read and reread as a treasure in the wastes of modern fiction where showy judgments, clever devices, and occasional masterpieces appear from too many authors who flare up in one bright achievement and then die down to their proper mediocrity and obscurity. After 1910 only a few stories (particularly The Celestial Omnibus and The Story of a Siren) appeared to mark the continuation of Forster's creative authority. A Passage to India came after far too long an interval to show him still enlarging his art and thought, still escaping the pitfalls, still turning his fine skill to new purposes, still showing the value of writing little but of making that little extraordinary.

Now come the Clark lectures which he gave at Cambridge in the spring of 1927, and at last we hear the critical opinions of one of the few existing men of letters who have the right to speak on their art. It is needlessly said that in Aspects of the Novel the same creative vigor is at work: turning over with delightful leisure the pages of great novels, examining modestly and with witty comment their values, and pinning down, unobtrusively and yet with the sureness of true analytical detachment, their laws and canons in biting, candid phrases. The style in his own stories—easy, abrupt, surprising—is here used in the somewhat looser body the lecture demands. The familiar viewpoint is everywhere apparent. Here are applied to literature the very tests we found applied in the novels to life. There can be no triteness of motive, no foreordained satisfaction with problem or event, no preconceived ticketing of characters with all their problems and conflicts, no artificial poetizing, no officious prophecy, no opening up of the spiritual life with the scalpel of mechanism or the deadly knives of convention. Not by technical mastery alone were the great novels written, neither by an ogling omniscience about life.

Wittily and nimbly, not to say entertainingly, we are shown why Dickens is greater than Scott, Defoe than Dickens, Proust than Defoe, and Tolstoi and Dostoievsky greater than all. In a graceful and quite informal survey we see the novel revealing itself in all its varied phases: its problems of action, character, plot, phantasy, prophecy, and rhythm. There is no painful academic routine. There is no attempt to be complete, and yet there is probably more sound discernment in the book than in any other recent work on the novel except one, Percy Lubbock's The Craft of Fiction to which Forster pays his tribute and to which his own comments are complementary, assuredly not secondary.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Spats and Monocle

The Small Bachelor, by P. G. Wodehouse. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THIS is a book that might be placed with that unending category known as "readable fiction." It is principally a story of Greenwich Village with slices of Long Island and the upper Seventies thrown in also as necessary ingredients in any literary Manhattan cocktail.

The plot deals with the antics of a would-be artist who falls in love with a girl presumably above his station. Despite the anathemas of her wealthy parents, she reciprocates his affections. Thus the tale! Enter then a poetic policeman, a reformed crook, a monocled Englishman, a behavioristic expert, a former sweetheart and the essential butler, from which human charivari the author spins a swiftly-moving narrative in his best manner. He evidently sets out solely to amuse his readers and in a fashion he succeeds.

The close of the story, which avowedly was intended for a climax is nothing more than a riotous and rampant bit of horseplay, wherein the characters virtually all find themselves somehow gathered together in one hodge-podge impossible scene. There seems to be no way out; here is a literary cul-de-sac. But presto! the ever-ready genii of the occasion wave willing wands. Everything ends correctly; and our hero marries the beautiful heroine.

We would not accuse the author of not knowing his Greenwich Village, were it not for the danger that what he thus speaks lightly about might by some be taken too seriously. Suffice it to say that, for all the locale of the story signifies, it might just as well have been set in South Bend, Indiana.

THOMAS HEALY.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"That young lady who came down from the Orange Mountains and removing the veil from her fair face, flashing with the glow-worm lightings of our modern evangels, revealed a new decalogue," remarked Doctor Angelicus, "has presented some domestic considerations that may affect celibates like you and me, Britannicus."

"My home is my castle," muttered the latter, his attention wandering a bit. Angelicus continued more firmly:

"These are the new commandments between husband and wife:

1st. Thou shalt have no other mate before me.

2nd. Thou shalt say thy prayers each night on bended knee.

3rd. Thou shalt undertake all family duties on a fifty-fifty basis, to include care of the children, washing of dishes and general housework.

4th. Thou shalt avoid aught calculated to arouse my jealousy.

5th. Thou shalt hold no secrets from me, not even thy private correspondence.

6th. Thou shalt indulge not in intoxicants nor in the filthy weed of tobacco.

7th. Thou shalt be on time for all appointments.

8th. Thou shalt respect all my desires and, neatly attired, accompany me to the theatre, opera or dances I shall wish to attend.

9th. Thou shalt not too often repeat thy stories of former love affairs.

10th. Thou shalt never join me or leave me without first bestowing a kiss."

"Before proceeding with you considerations, my dear Doctor, may I ask some questions regarding the jurisdiction of two unmarried judges in this court?" Britannicus had studied the old common law and did not wish the fact to be overlooked.

"And who else should take the robe in a juridical question like this?" responded the Doctor tartly. "Not the husband and the wife, surely, for they are parties at suit. There is no wisdom on the marriage subject so profound and so equitable as that of the unmarried man, or if you insist, the unmarried woman. We, the viewers of others' experiences, the brothers- and sisters-in-law, the confidants of both, are not entirely shut out of measuring the overflow of the happiness and unhappiness of these unions. Untrammeled by our personal experiences, we may adjudge the merits of husband and wife without preoccupation as to what will happen us at home after we have delivered our views over the supper table. Now the first commandment is a distinctly monogamic dogma, that may be extended to question the rights of divorce that are so frequently under the breath of our modern marriage vows.

"The second commandment, insisting upon home devotions, implies the prie-dieu that was formerly a fashionable part of any sleeping apartment. Praying into the pillow is hardly warranted by any creed.

"The third commandment, of the fifty-fifty basis, calls for some special enactments in our court of domestic relations. Shall the wife go forth and earn half the family income? Shall the husband continue to wash the rare old coffee-cups after ten out of the dozen of grandma's porcelain have gone in pieces to the ash-collector? Or shall the wife be thereupon entitled to smash her half of masculine fishing-tackle, golf clubs and bowling trophies? These are serious questions.

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"The fourth commandment involves the destruction of all the old girls' and boys' photographs. Old letters, if not destroyed prior to the marriage, must be read in common. List, oh list, ye light bachelors and débutantes writing out your hearts to your pals! Remember that some day these will marry and your confidences à deux will necessarily become triangular secrets, and there are all her relatives waiting to hear the sacred raptures of your former friends who have committed the treachery of marrying outside your ken. All your prejudices, your private admirations, your schoolboy and girl pranks come en masse into the consciousness of another, who may, or may not, know you and may, very probably, resent your early confidential relation with the spouse of the second part.

"The fifth commandment leaves the cocktail hour in the grip of the Volstead agent: the cigars, cigarettes and pipes with all the paraphernalia of lighters, ash-trays and cleaners spread a long trail between New York and Kansas. At any rate, she cannot smoke if he cannot—the misery is fifty-fifty here.

"The sixth commandment will save the husband and the waiting taxicab many trying moments. At least she will be obliged to hurry with the powder-puff.

"The seventh is a commandment almost foreign to our celibate state, Britannicus. The whims of men and women are innumerable, and if he marries her, he must put up with her meningital waltzing, just as her toe must be strong to meet his manly heel in the foxtrot. Let us not prolong too much this agonizing consideration.

"The eighth commandment shuts out the dreams of the past; all stories of mother's biscuits, the white-muslin dreams of graduation days, the rapturous thrill of the movie hero and heroine, are here left in outer darkness. Here is death to the arts and imagination and the lights of the front hall are extinguished at ten.

"The tenth commandment orders an osculatory embrace at any moment—just as the subway train is closing its doors, or while the dentist waits, or the last mouthful of breakfast is in mastication, as the train bell is ringing at the station. The precision of this commandment indicates a tyranny which smacks more of femininity than of masculine character. Oh Britannicus, these codified happinesses! These legislated fifty-fifty blisses! Do they not strike terrors to your heart?"

"Angelicus," gravely answered his friend, "You forget that it is love that makes the world go round, even if you and I are likely to grow dizzy at considering its gyrations."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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